# EXECUTE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

VIRGIDEMIARVM,

# Sixe Bookes.

First three Bookes,

Of Tooth-leffe Satyrs.

1. Poeticall.

2. Academicall.

3. Morall.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Robert
Dexter. 1597.

Tho. E.C.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.
SixeBookes.

Of Touth-leffe Saryrs.

2. September 1

675 333

# 是自己的是一个

# His Defiance to

So got sund Letes feme the neighbour Sonnes

So got sund letes fem

The sudden fires of heaven; and decline to their yeelding taps that day of the skies whilere:

And shake your standy tranks to prouder Pines,

VV hose swelling graines are like be gald alone;

VVisbtbedeepfurromes of the thunder-from:

Standye fatureige fafen hruksbelow ministen vo V.

In buteble delek arbem bestent de not despight: V.

Non augmethede empirkant meert brew so V.

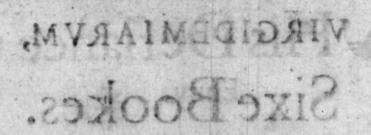
Entring argant for distantial bight v. (100).

Let high attemps dread Envy and ill tongues,

And cowardly brink for fear, of caustesse wrongs.

1 3

50



First three Booker,

They of Touth-leffe Satyrs.

And Marie Car President.

2. Leademicall.

Li emondi.



LONDON
Princed by Thomas Creede, for Roberts.
Dexrer. 1597.

# 

# His Defiance to

So wone big ohes feare wund Tuny weeks ...

I Ay: let the prouder Rines of Ida feare

The sudden fires of heaven; and decline

Their yeelding tops, that dan'd the skies mbilere:

And shake your sturdy trunks to prouder Pines,

VV hose swelling graines are like be gald alone,

VV ith the deep furrowers of the thunder-stone.

Standye securesye safer shrubs below.

In humble dales, whom heavens do not despight:

Nor angry clouds conspire your overthrow.

Enuying at your too-disdainfull hight.

Let high attemps dread Enuy and ill tongues.

And cowardly shrink for fear, of caustesse wrongs.

A 3

So





# His Defiance to Enuy!

So wont big Okes feare winding Tuy-weed:
So soaring Egles feare the neighbour Sonne:
So golden Mazor wont suspicion breed,
Of deadly Hemlocks poyloned Rotton.
So Adders shroud bemselves in syrest leanes:
So fouler Fate the fayrer thing bereaues.

Nor the low bush seares climbing I up twine:

Nor lowly Bustard dreads the distant rayes,

Nor earthen Pot wom secret death to shrine:

Nor suttle Snake doth turke in put hed wayes.

Nor baser deed dreads E may and ill tongues,

Nor skrinks so soone for feare of causelesse wroos.

chos Mad cowardly for in for fear of caustesse mongs.





#### His Defiance to Enuy.

Needs me then bope or doth me need mis dread:

Hope for that honor, dread that wrong full spight:

Spight of the partie, honor of the deed,

VV hich want alone on loftie objects light.

That Enny should accost my Muse and mee,

For this sorude, and recklesse Poese.

That now by bare in carelesse wilfull rage:

Andtrance ber selfe in that sweet Extasey.

That rougeth drouping thoughts of bashfull age.

(Tho now those Buys and that Aspired thought.

In carelesse rages she sets at worse them nought).

1 4



#### His Defiance to Enny,

Or would we loofe her plumy pineon,

Manicled long with bonds of modest fearer

Soone might she have those Kestrels proud out gone,

VV hose slightly wings are dew'd with weeter agre;

And hopen now to shoulder from above

The Eagle from the stayrs of friendly love.

Or list shersther in late Tryumph reare

Eternall Trophees to some Conqueror,

VV hose dead deserts slept in his Sepulcher.

And never saw nor life nor light before:

To lead sad Pluto captive with my song.

To grace the Triumphs he obscur'd solong.

Or



# 多类。國際主義的共國國共國國行

#### His Defiance to Enuy J

Or scoure the rusted swords of Eluish knights,

Bathed in Pagan blood: or sheath them new

In misty morall Types: or tell their sights,

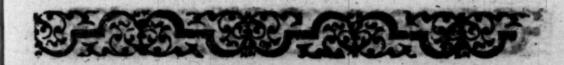
VY ho mighty Giants, or who Monsters slew.

And by some strange inchanted speare and shield,

Vanquisht their soe, and wan the doubtfull field.

May be she might in stately Statizaes frame
Stories of Ladies, and adventurous knights:
To raise ber silent and inglorious name,
V nto a reach-lesse pitch of Prayseshight:
And somewhat say, as more was worthy done,
VV orthy of Brasse, and hoary Marble-stone.

T. hen





#### His Defiance to Enury.

Then might vaine Enuy waste her duller wing,
To trace the very steps, she spiting sees:
And vainly faint in hopelesse following
The clouded paths her natine drosse denies.
But now such lowly Satyres here I sing,
Not worth our Muse, not worth their enuying.

Too good (if ill) to be exposed to blame:

Too good if wor so, to shadow shamelesse vice.

Ill, if too good, not answering their name:

So good and ill in fickle censure lies.

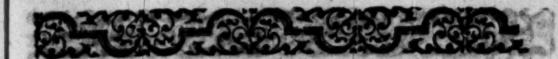
Since in our Satyre lyes both good and ill,

And they and it, in varying readers will.

essa T

VV itnesse





#### His Defiance to Enuy.

These heddy rymes, withouten second care:

And wish't them worse, my guiltie thoughts emong:

The ruder Satyte should go rag'd and bare:

And show his rougher and his hairy hide:

Tho mine be smooth, and deckt in carelesse pride.

VV ould we but breath within a wax-bound quill,
Pans sevenfold Pipe, some plaintine Pastorall:
To teach each bollow groue, and shrubby hill,
Ech murmuring brookes each solitary vale
To sound our lone, and to our song accord,
VV earying Ecchowith one changelesse word.

V. Flother

Or



# THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

#### His Defiance to Entry.

Or list vs make two striving shepheards sing,
VV ith costly wagers for the victorie,
Vnder Menalcas indge: whiles one doth bring
A caruen Bole well wrought of Beechentree:

Praising it by the story, or the frame,
Or want of vse, or skilfull makers name.

Another layeth a well-marked Lambe,
Or spotted Kid, or some more forward Steere;
And from the Payle doth prasse their fertile dam:
So do they strine in doubt, in hope, in feare,
Awayting for their trustie V mpires doome,
Faulted as false, by himthat's overcome.

VVhether



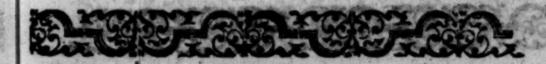
# **医子宫医子宫医子宫医子宫**

His Defiance to Enuy.

VV bether so me list my louely thought to sing,
Come daunce ye nimble Dryads by my side:
Ye gentle wood-Nymphs come: & with you bring
The willing Faunesthat mought your musicks wide.
Come Nimphs & Faunes, that haunt those shady
with iles I report my fortunes or my loues. (groues,

Or whether list me sing so personate,
My striuing selfe to conquer with my verse:
Speake ye attentiue swaynes that heard me late,
Needs me give grasse unto the Conquerers.
At Colins feet I throw my yeelding reed:
But let the rest win homage by their deed.

But



# 医子宫医子宫医子宫医子宫医头

His Defiance to Enuy.

But now (ye Mulcs) fith your sacred hests
Profaned are by each presuming tongue:
In scornfull rage I vow this silent rest,
That never field nor grove shall heare my song.
Only these refuse rymes I here mispend,
To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.

Criscopies (Spane line) in suifernie, "election

Secretioned Same residence bar to a direction

At Collins feet It brown my welding reeds

But let shevel win homige by then deed.

at y freining leffe to a ser with our werfer

A delience in a comme and what Compare e.c.



# ANTERS ANTERS

De suis Satyris.

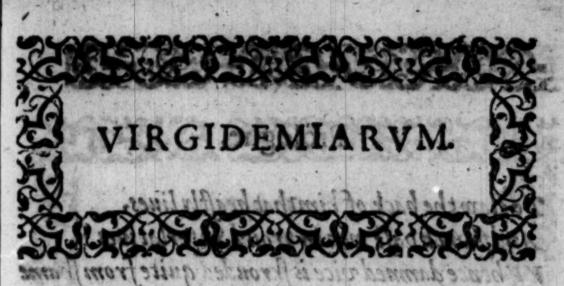
Dum Satyra dixi,videor dixisse Sat ira Corripio; aut istac non satis est Satyra.

Ira facit Satyram, reliquum Sat temperat iram: Pingetuo Satyram sanguine, tum Satyra est.

Ecce nouam Satyram: Satyru sine Cornibus! Enge Monstra noui monstri hac, & Satyri & Satyra.



Definis Sacuris. Come Sury is distriblery distiffs Sur ire Corrigio, will as mon fatillets Sugre. to of soit is a syram relieved by the more at it ame. Pingerna Sarycana fan sawe, tum Sutyraest. Exendrant Surgrame Surgrafine Cornibus! Enge Monter minimum living of Sarrie Sarrie.



Infame di pofest of an ine due,

#### and over down I I Bees I was in word a brane:

Prologue.

I First adventure, with fool-hardymight,
To trend the steps of perilous despight:

I first adventure: follow me who list,
And be the second English Satyrist.

Enuy wayts on my backes Truth on my side:
Enuy will be my Page, and Truth my Guide.

Enuy the margent holds, and Truth the line:
Truth doth approve, but Enuy doth repine.

For in this smoothing are who durst indite,
Hathmade his pen an hyred Parasite.

B

To

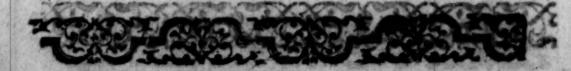


# 

## VIR GLaugolora RVML

To clam the back of him that beaftly lines, And pranck base men in proud Superlatines. VV bence damned vice is skrouded quite from shame And crown'd with Vertues meed immortal Name: Infamy dispossest of native due, Ordain'd of old on loofer life to fue: The worlds eye bleared with those hamelesselyes, Mark'd in the frew of meal-mouth'd Poelies. Godaring Muse on withthy thanklesse taske, And do the vely face of vice vnmaske: 130 has And if thou canst not thine high flight remit, So as it mought a lowly Satyre fit, you ad they your Let lowly Satyresrife aloft to thee some sils you Truth bethy speed, and Truth thy Patron bee. For in this (moothing ace who die findite,

Hathrade bis pen an hyred Parafite.



LIB. I.



Or Ladies wanton loue, nor wandring knight, Legend I out in rymes all richly dight.

Nor fright the Reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mighte Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
Nor lift I Sonnet of my Mistresse face,

To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace.

Nor can I bide to pen some hungry Scene

For thick-skin eares, and vndiscerning eyne.

Nor euer could my scornfull Muse abide

VVith Tragick showes her ankles for to hide. T

Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fauning tayle

To some great Patron, for my best anayle muland

Ashi & cell our Grant & is Banks are leit for ore.



# ELECTIVE ENERGY EN

#### LIB. I.

Such hunger-staruen, Trencher-Poetry, Or let it neuer liue, or timely dye: Nor vnder euery bank, and euery Tree, Speake rymes vnto my oten Minstrallies Nor caroll out so pleasing lively laies, As mought the Graces moue my mirth to praise. Trumper, and reeds, and focks, and buskins fine, I them bequeath : whose starnes wandring Twine Of Yuy, mixt with Bayes, circlen around Their living Temples likewife Laurell-bound. Rather had I, albee in carelelle rymes, Check the mif-ordred world, and lawleffe Tymes. Nor need I craue the Muses mid-wifry, To bring to light fo worth-leffe Poetry: Orifwe lift, what bafer Muse can bide, To fit and fing by Graniaes naked fide. The They haunt the tyded Thomes and fale Mednay, Erefince the fame of their late Bridall day. Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore, To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.

LIB. L

# Line I. A. S. Sand Company of the character of the charac

were five crowned to a por foned hee

VV hilome the fifters nine were Vestall maides,
And he'd their Temple in the secret shades.
Of faire Penesse that two headedhill,
Whose auncient same the Southern world did fill.
And in the steed of their eternal slame,
Was the coole streame, that tooke his endles name,
From out the fertile hoose of winged steed:
There did they six and do their holy deed,
That pleased both heaven and earth: til that of late,
Whom should I fault? or the most righteous Fate?
Or heaven, or men, or fiends, or ought beside.
That ever made that soule mischance beside?
Some of the sisters in securer shades
Desloured were:

B 3

And



# 的光理學天成的光理學美國的光

## LIB. I.

And ever fin disdoining Sacred Shame, Done oughe mar might their heauely stock defame, Now is Pernal or turned to a stewes: And on Bay-Hocks the wanton Myrtle grewes. Cytheron hill's become a Brothel-bed, And Pyrene sweet, turnd to a poysoned head Of cole-black puddle whole infectuous staine V.V Corruptethall the lowly fruitfull plaine bod bal bal Their modelt ftole, to gariff loofer weed, a sin 10 Deck't with love-favors their late whordoms meed! And where they wont fip of the fimple flood, but A Now toffethey bowles of Bacchar boyling blood. I maruelled much with doubtfull lealoufie, o mort V Vhence came such Litturs of new Poetry? Mee thought I fear'd, least the horf-hoofed well His native banks did proudly over-fivell off mod W In some lare discontent, thence to ensue as mod O Such wondrous rablements of Rim-sters new But fince, I faw it painted on Fames wings, a smo? The Muses to be woxen VV autoning sorow borno fod Each



# 的大學的大學的大學的大學

LIB. I.

Each bush, each bank, and each base Apple squire,
Can serve to sate their beastly lewed defire.
Ye bastard Poets see your Pedigree
From common Trulls, and loathsom Brothelry.

Visit found Por fary randing from their wity.

I hery fit and must on fome no-vulgar writ:

A 11 c. TA 2 c. hilvin a 2 c. Trovne.

I hat voydof Vapours feemed all beforne, we so soone as the Sun, tends out his pursuing beames, lixing out filthis finoke and finking themest odd So doth the bate, and the fore-harven braine, So doth the bate, and the fore-harven braine, Soone as the raging wine begins to rangue.

One higher pitch o doth for his foaring thought on covered kings that Fortune hath low brought.

On crowned kings that Fortune hath low brought.

On crowned kings that Fortune hath low brought.

As a might be the I which Teneral week.

Total Magazin and a second Magazina

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LIB. I.



V Vith some Pot-fury ratisfit from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ:
As frozen Dung-hils in a winters morne,
That voyd of Vapours seemed all beforne,
Soone as the Sun, sends out his piercing beames,
Exhale out silthie smoke and stinking steames:
So doth the base, and the fore-barren braine,
Soone as the raging wine begins to raigne.
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings that Fortune hath low brought:
Or some vpreared, high-aspiring swaine
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine.

Then



#### 。 1885年 1885年

#### LIB. I.I.

Then weenerth he his base drink-drowned spright, Rapt to the threefold loft of heavens hight, and When he conceives you his famed stage has The stalking steps of his great personage, Marbu A. Graced with huf-cap termes, and thundring threats, That his poore hearers havre quite vpright fetslaw Such soone, as some brave-minded hungry youth, A Sees fitly frame to his wide-ftrained mouth, He vaunts his voyce vpon an hyred stage, who a Withhigh-fet fleps, and princely carriage: Now soouping in side robes of Royalty, And han A That earst did skrub in lowfie brokery. There if he can with termes Italianate, who says M Big-founding sentences, and words of state, will Faire patch me vp his pure lambick verse, He ravishes the gazing Scaffolders: Then certes was the famous Corduban since all V Neuer but halfe fo high Tragedien. de de la monel Now, least such frightfull showes of Fortunes fall, And bloudy Tyrants rage, should chance appall Nove

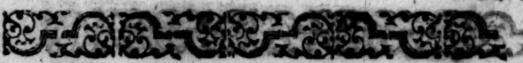


# 是是**的是是**的是是他的关系

LIB. I.II

8

The dead stroke audience, midsthe silent rout; Comes leaping in a felfe-mis formed loue, do at 194 A And laughes, and grins, and frames his Mimik face, And justles straight into the princes place, lasted Then doth the Thearre Ecche all a loud, and beare With gladfomenoyfe of that applauding croud. T A goodly boch-poch, when vile Raffettings, ool doug Are match't with monarchs, & with mighty lings. A goodly grace to fober Tragick Mufe, should oH When each base clown, his clumbsie fift doch bruise, And show his teeth in double rotten row, ool wold For laughter at his felfe-refembled show . I tan and T Meane while our Poets in high Parliament, and T Sit watching every word, and gesturement, wol-gest Like curious Cenfors of some doughtie geareg one i Whispering their verdit in their fellowes eareus of VVo to the word whose margent in their serole, Is noted with a blacke condemning Cole, and reuse! But if each periode might the Synode pleafe, word Ho, bring the Iuy boughs, and bands of Bayes, but A Now



# 是国际主题的关键的关键的

#### LBI. I.

Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
Gins the bare hearer in a guiltierage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lauisht his late halfe-peny.
Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold,
For every peasants brasse, on each scaffold.

Straveling his ein-toes for a farthing feet lead E.

And dother endes on Remelello miniber cread.

Valued Conferentlow from careleste head on bounds

Compiler werm case florientialderyme: " let

And he like forme imperious de segel min te

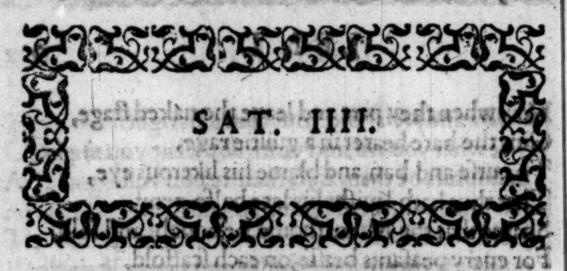
Consures the Marie that they bun affift of a

With fraunce exchantments, feeth from darkforn

Ostome Menge, that by Magistic doome . (vale

To Infears Toyle transporteth Merins toynine:

Some branes braune in high Merandenmoy



To popular is Tragicke Poesse,

Strayning his tip-toes for a farthing fee,

And doth besides on Rimelesse numbers tread,

Valid Iambicks flow from carelesse head.

Some brauer braine in high Heroick rimes.

Compileth worm-eate stories of olde tymes:

And he like some imperious Maronist,

Consures the Muses that they him assist.

Then striues he to bumbast his feeble lines.

With strange fetcht phrase:

And maketh vp his hard-betaken tale.

With strange enchantments, fetcht from darksom.

Of some Melissa, that by Magicke doome (vale.)

To Tuscans soyle transportet h. Merlins toombe:

Painters



# STARTER TREETERS

#### L IB. I.

H

Write what you wil, and write not what you might?
Their limits be their List, their reason will.
But if some painter in presuming skill
Should paint the stars in center of the earth,
Could ye for beare some smiles, and taunting mirth.
But let no rebell Satyre dare traduce
Th'eternall Legends of thy Faery Muse,
Renowmed Spencer: whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much lesse dares despisht.
Salust of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
Yeeld up the Lawrell girland ve have lost:
And let all others willow weare with mee,
Or let their undserving Temples bared bee.

SAT. V.

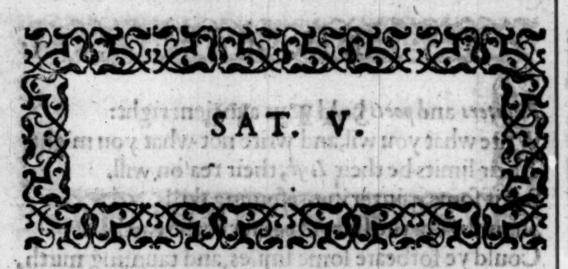


Thomas bearing air But the private of cody

He lend him downer where carly he did him find,

WM whom one peny to pay Charing hire,

That waiteth for the wanding ghoffsted e.



A Nother, whose more heavie hearted Saint
Delights in nought but notes of rufull plaint,
Vrgeth his melting Muse with solemne teares
Rime of some deerie fates of lucklesse peres.
Then brings he vp some branded whining ghost,
To tell how old misfortunes had him tost.
Then must be ban the guiltlesse fates aboue,
Or fortune traile, or vnrewarded loue.
And when he hath parbrak'd his grieued minde,
He sends him downe where earst he did him find,
V ynthout one peny to pay Charens hire,
That waiteth for the wandring ghosts retire.

SAT.



LIB. I.

13

Constant of the second of the

A Nother scorns the home-spun threed of rimes,
Match'd with the lostic sect of elder times:
Giue him the numbred verse that Vogil sung,
And Virgill selfe shall speake the English tung:
Manhood and garboiles shall be channe with chaunged
(feete,

And head-strong Dattils making Musicke meete.
The nimble Dattils striuing to out go
The drawling Spondees pacing it below.

The



# 经经济经验关系经济

#### LIB. I.

The lingring Spondees, labouring to delay,
The breath-lesse Dastils with a sudden stay.
Who ever saw a colt wanton and wilde,
Yok'd with a slow-foote oxe on fallow field?
Can right areed how handsomly besets
Dull Spondees with the English Dastilets?
If some speake English in a thundring cloud,
Thrick thrack, and rif raf, rores he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coyne of words never articulate.

SAT. VIL



And head-frong Doller making Muliche merce

The nimited Dates (Linuages outego

The drawling Spenden paring it below.



Gre-ruld with loue, and tyrannous discaines.

For loue, how-euer in the basest brest.

It breedes high thoughts that feed the fancie best.

Yet is he blinde, and leades poore fooles awrie,

V hile they hang gazing on their mistres-eie.

The loue-sicke poet, whose importune prayer.

Repulsed is with resolute dispayre,

Hopeth to conquer his discainfull dame,

With publique plaints of his conceyued flame.

Then poures he forth in patched Somettings

His loue, his lust, and loathsome flatterings:

As the the staring world hand on his sleeue, (grieue.)

When once he smiles, to laugh: and when he sighs to

Careth.



# ENERGE ENERGE

16

LIB. I.

Careth the world, thou loue, thou liue, or die?
Careth the world how faire thy faire one bee?
Fond wit wal that wouldst lode thy wit-lesse head
With timely hornes, before thy Bridall bed.
Then can he terme his durtie i'l fac'd Bride
Lady and Queene and virgin deiside:
Be shee all soone-black, or bery-browne,
Shee's white as morrows mi k, or flakes new blowne.
And the she be some dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he herresigne some resule roome
Amids the well-knowne stars; or if not there,
Sure will be saint her in his Calendere.

If a with resolute diffusive,

to conquer his diffusive such

the poures he such in parched 5 occurry.

TAReuchis luft, and loathlome flatterings:

As the the flating world hard on his flecue, (grieve,

When once he finiles, to laughtand when he fights to





Hence ye profane: mell not with holy things
That Sion Muse from Palestina brings.

Parnassu is transform'd to Sion bill,
And Inry-palmes her steep ascents done fill.

Now good S. Peter weeps pure Helicon,
And both the Maries make a Musick mone:
Yea and the Prophet of the heavenly Lire,
Great Salomon, sings in the English Quire,
And is become a newfound Sonetist,
Singing his love, the holy spouse of Christ:
Like as she were some light-skirts of the rest,
In mightiest Ink-hornismes he can thither wrest,

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18

LIB. I.

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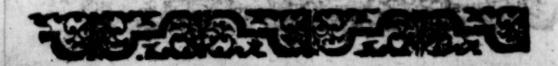
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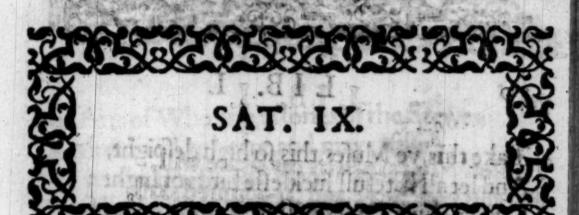
Shall was a for your out a second line

than while from Palata as brings

Ye Sion Muses shall by my deare will,
For this your zeale, and far-admired skill,
Be straight transported from Ierosalem,
Vnto the holy house of Basleen.

SAT.





E Nuy ye Muses, at your thrining Mate,

Capid hath crowned a new Laurent:

I saw his Status gayly tyr'din greene,

As if he had some second Phasim beene.

His Status trimd with the Venerean tree,

And shrined faire within your Sanctuary.

What, he, that earst to gain the ryming Goale

The worne Recitall-post of Capitolle,

Rymed in rules of Stewish ribaldry,

Teaching experimentall Baudery?

Whiles th'itching vulgar tickled with the song,

Hanged on their vnreadie Poets tongue.

Take this ye patient Muses: and soule shame

Shall wayt vpon your once presaned name.

Take



# ELECTION FOR

20

LIB. I.

Take this, ye Muses, this so high despight, And let all hatefull luckleffe birds of night: Let Scriching Oples pelt in your razed roofes, And let your floore with horned Satyrshoofe Be dinted and defiled every morne: And let your walles be an eternall scorne. What if forme Shordiel fury should incite Some left-frang letcher must be needs indite The beaftly rites of Hyred Venerye, The whole worlds vniuerfall band to bee? Did neuer yet no damned Libertine, Nor elder Heathen, nornew Florentine, Tho they were famous for lewd libertie, Venture vpon fo flame ull villanie. Our Epigrammatarians old and late, Were wont be blam d'for too licentiate. Chast menthey did but glaunce at Lesbras deed, And handsomely leave off with cleanly speed. shall way a pon your once pro

But



## STEELSSTEELS

LIB. I.

21

But Arts of Whoring: stories of the Stewes,
Ye Muses will ye beare and may refuse?
Nay let the Diuell, and Saint Valentine,
Be gossips to those ribald rymes of thine.

And her our wal. SINI I am a feet ne.

Some left believe leteiners muft hersecde in dies

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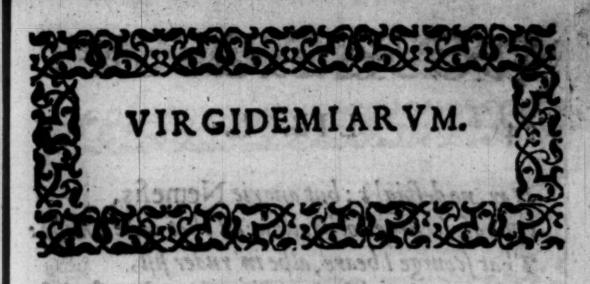
But Arts of Whoring : Rories of the Stewes "Le Muse will ye bear and may refude?

The Muse will ye bear and may refude?

The Miss the Duelh and Soint Falentine.

The goffips to those whald symes of thuse.

FINIS.



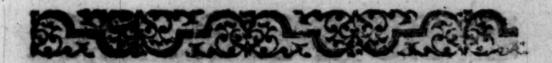
LIB. II.

21

Prologue.

OR bene the Manes of that Cynick spright,
Of do the relique ashes of his grave
Revine and rise from their for saken cave?
That so with gall-weet words and speeches rude,
Controls the maners of the multitude.
Envise belike incites his pining hart,
And bids it sate it selfe with others smart.

Nay,



LIB. ILORIV

Nay, no despight: but angrie Nemesis,

VV hose scourge doth follow all that done amisse:

That scourge I beare, albe in ruder fist,

And wound, and strike, and pardon whom skelist.

TO than curice profession with none,

Or do the relique of his pranelie victoria

Tous fo were reall-weer words and Theeches rude.

Renaue sind rife from their for lakent ence?

Andbils is farest feele with at lens fromt.

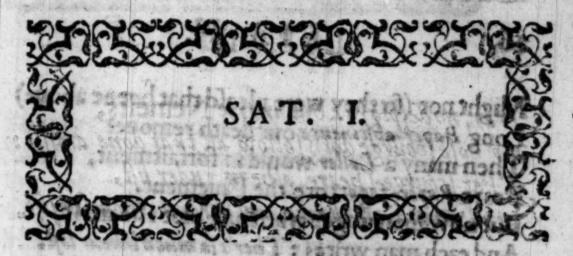
These the Manes althat Cymick forget.

Cleric denich fam flubburnelayer ladealiete?

The SAT. I



And there is a solution of the or of the A



For shame write better Labeo, or write none,
Or better write, or Labeo write alone.
Nay, call the Cynick but a wittie soole,
Thence to abiure his handsome drinking bole:
Because the thirstie swaine with hollow hand,
Conueyd the streame to we ethis drie we find.
Write they that can, tho they that cannot do:
But who knowes that, but they that do not know.
Lo what it is that makes white rags so deare,
That men must give a teston for a queare.
Lo what it is that makes goose-wings so scant,
That the distressed Semster did them want.
So, lauish ope-ty de eauseth fasting-lents,
And staruling Famine comes of large expence.
Might



## **医于380子380子385**

26

### LIB. II.

Might not (so they were pleased that beene aboue) Long Paper-abstinence our death remotte? Then many a Loller would in forfaitment, Beare Paper-fagots ore the Pauement. But now men wager who shall blot the most, And each man writes : Ther's fo much labour loft. That's good, shat's great : Nay much is seldome well, Of what is bad, a liste's a great deale. Better is more; but beft is nought at all. Leffe is the next, and leffer criminall. Little and good, is greatest good save one, Then Labco, or write little , or write none. Tush in small paynes can be but little art, Or lode full drie-fats fro the forsen mart: With Folio-volumes, two to an Oxe hide, Or else ye Pampheter go stand a side, Read in each Schoole, in euery margent coted, In every Catalogue for an autour noted. There's happinesse well given, and well got, Lesse gifts, and lesser gaines I weigh them not.



#### LIB. II.

27

So may the Giant rome and write on high, Be be a Dwarfe that writes not there as I. But well fare Strabe, which as Stories tell, Contriu'd all' Troy within one Walnut shell. His curious ghost now lately hither came, Arriving neere the mouth of luckie Tame. I Gwa Pismire Strugling with the lode, Dragging all Troy home towards her abode. Now dare we hither, if he durst appeare, The subtile Stuby-wan that liu'd while eare: Such one was once, or once I was mistaught, A Smith at Vulcans owne forge vp brought, That made an Iron-chariot so light, The coach-horse was a Flea in trappings dight. The tame-leffe steed could well his wagon wield, Through downes and dales of the vneuen field. Strive they, laugh we: meane while the black ftory Passes Strabo, and new Straboes Troy. Little for great: and great for good: all one: For shame or better write, or Labee write none. But



## **经验证额证据的关键**

28

#### LIB. II.

But who coniur'd this bawdie Poggies ghost,
From out the stewer of his lewde home-bred coast:
Or wicked Rablais dronken reuellings,
To grace the mis-rule of our Tauernings:
Or who put Bayes into blind Capids fist,
That he should crowne what Laureats him lift;
Whose words are those, to remedie the deed,
That cause men stop their noses when they read?
Both good things ill, and ill things well: all one;
For shame write cleanly Laber, or write none.

one was price, or once I was smill and or

be coach in mercasa Fleu in trappings dight.

the tame left effect could well his weepn where,

Smiller & descraving to graph to the

affer new Strate, and new Stratest Iver.

ittle for great and greatfur good; all one

For frame or better wine, or Labes write mone,

hat made an Iron-charge to light,

Trace they laugh we tradance while the black flory

DESTRUCTION.



To what end did our lauish auncestours,

Erect of old these stately piles of ourse.

For threed-bare clearks, & for the ragged Muse.

Whom better sit some cotes of sad secluse?

Blush niggard Age, and be assumed to see,

These monuments of wiser ancestrie.

And ye faire heapes the Muses sacred shrines,

(Inspight of time and enuious repines)

Stand still, and flourish till the worlds last day.

V pbrayding it with former lones decay.



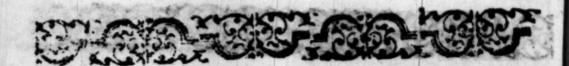
The gaines shall bide you fure when yo have spens

A thousand Lamps and thousand Reamer hand ren

## **经验的关键对于**

LIB. II.

Here may ye Muses, our deare Severames, Scorne each base Lordling euer you disdaines, And every pealant churle, whole smaky roofe Denied harbour for your deare behoofe. Scorne ye the world before it do complaine, And scorne the world that scorneth you againe, And scorne contempt it selfe, that doth incite Each fingle-fold Squire to fet you at fo light. What needes me care for any bookish skill, To blot white papers with my restieste quill: Or poare on painted leaves: or beat my braine With far-fetcht thoughts:or to confume in vaine In latter Euen, or mids of winter nights, Ill finelling oyles, or some still-watching lights. Let them that meane by bookish businesse To earne their bread: or hopen to professe Their hard got skill: let them alone for mee, Busie their braines with deeper bookerie. Great gaines shall bide you sure, when ye have spene A thousand Lamps: and thousand Reames have rent



#### LIB. II.

31

Ofneedleffe papers, and a thouland nights Have burned out with coftly candle lights. Ye palish ghosts of Asbens, when at last, Your patrimonie spent in witlesse wast, Your friends all wearle, and your spirits spent, Ye may your fortunes feeke : and be forwent Of your kind cofins: and your churlish fires, Left there alone, mids the fast-folding Briers. Hauenot I lands of faire inheritance, Deriu'd by right of long continuance, To first-borne males, so list the law to grace, Natures first fruits in enternall race? Let second brothers, and poore nestlings, Whommore iniurious Nature later brings Into the naked world : let them affaine To get hard peny-worths with to boot effe paine. Tush? what care I to be Arcesilas, Or some sad Solon, whose deep-furrowed face, And fullen head, and yellow-clouded fight, Still on the stedfast earth are musing pight. Mutterint:



## EXECUTE EXECUTE

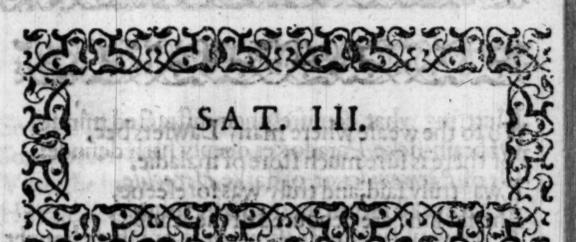
2 ... L L B. 11.

Mutting what censures their distracted minde, Of brain-ficke Paradoxes deeply hath definde: Or of Parmerides, or of darke Heraclite, Whether all be one or oughe be infinite. Long would it be, erethou hadft purchase bought, Or welthier wexen by fuch idle thought. Fond foo'e, fix seete shall ferue for all thy store: And he that cares for most, shall find no more. We scorne that welch should be the finall end, Whereto the heavenly Muse her course doth bend: And rather had be pale with learned cares, Then paunched with thy choyce of changed fares, Or doth thy glorie stand in outward glee, 10 I A laue-car'd Affe with gold may trapped bees Orifin pleasure : liue we as we may: sa original Let swinish Grell delight in dunghill clay. Sulp hwhat care to become

TAZ in landend, and vellaneous.



Onlama led Selve, whole deep-



Who doubts? The lawes fel down fro heaues height,
Like to some gliding starre in winters night.
Themis the Scribe of God did long agone,
Engraue them deepe in during Marble-stone,
And cast them downe on this viruly clay,
That men might know to ru'e and to obay.
But now their Characters deprayed hin,
By them that would make gain of others sin.
And now hath wrong so manstered the right,
That they live best, that on wrongs offail light.
So loathly fly that lives on galled wound,
And scabby festers inwardly visiound,
Feedes fatter with that poysnous carrion,
Then they that haunt the healthy lims alone.

We

的主题的产品的

## ENERGE ENERGY

Wo to the weale where many Lawiers bee, For there is fure much store of maladie. T'was truly faid, and truly was foreseene, The fat kine are deuoured of the leane. Genus and Species long fince barefoote went, Vpon their ten-toes in wilde wanderment; Whiles father Bartell on his footcloth rode, Vpon high pauement gayly filuer-strowd. Each home-bred science perchethin the chaire, Whiles facred arts grouell on the groundfell bare. Since pedling Barbarismes gan be in request, Nor classicke tongues, nor learning found no rest. The crowching Client, with low-bended knee, And many VV or fbips, and faire flatterie, Tels on his tale as smoothly as him lift, But still the Lawierseye squints on his fift : If that seeme lined with a larger fee, Doubt not the suite, the law is plaine for thee. Tho must he buy his vainer hope with price, Disclout his crownes, and thanke him for aduice. So

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## SHEET SEET SEET SEET SEET SEED TO SEE THE SEED T

### LIB. II.

35

So haue I feene in a tempestuous stowre,
Some breer-bush shewing shelter from the showre,
Vato the hopefull sheepe, that faine would hide
His sleecie coate from that same angrie tide.
The ruth-lesse breere regardlesse of his plight,
Layes hold upon the sleece he should acquite,
And takes aduantage of the carelesse pray,
That thought she in securer shelter lay.
The day is fayre; the sheepe would fare to feed:
The tyrant Brier holds fast his shelters meed,
And claymes it for the see of his defence:
So robs the sheepe, in fauours faire pretence.

TAIZleane rewated Arrandmer:

A detuce Doff for enery distrate,

cane weale if the unce some desprare patient d

a remails vo the their that from them fall,

200)



## ENERGY ENERGY ENERGY

### So hand feere in a ceiliffuer A &c.

beene breen-built for wing the ret from the 7 Orthy were Galen to be weighed in Gold, Whose help doth sweetest life & helth vp-Yet by S. E feulipe he folemne fwore, (hold That for difeales they were never more. Fees neuer lesse, neuer so hetle gaine, Men give a groate, and a ke the reft againe. Groats-worth of health, can any leech allot? Yet should he have no more that gives a grote. Should I on each licke pillow leane my breft, in bath And grope the pulle of everie mangy wieft: And spie out maruels in each Vrinall: And tumble vp the filths that from them fall, And give a Doffe for every disease, In prescripts long, and tedious Recipes: All for seleane reward of Art and mee ? No Horf-leach but will looke for larger fee. Meane while if chaunce some desp'rate patient die, Com'n to the Period of his destinie;





#### LIB. III. 811

37

(As who can croffe the fatalirefolution, In the decreed day of diffolution:) horas months VVhether ill rendment, or recurelesse paine, Procure his death; the neighbors straight complain, Th'unskilfull leech murdred his patient, By poy son of some foule Ingredient, Here-on the vulgar may as foone be brought To Socrates-his poyloned Hemlock-drought, As to the wholfome Inlap, whose receat Might his diseases lingring force defeat. If nor a dramme of Triacle foueraigne, Or Aqua vite, or Sugar Candian, Nor Kuchtn-cordials can it remedie, Certes his time is come, ueeds mought he die. V Vere I a leech, as who knowes what may bee, The liberall man should live, and carle should die. The fickly Ladie, and the goutie Peere Still would I haunt, that love their life so deere. VVhere life is deare who cares for covned droffe? That spent, is counted gaine, and spared, losse:



38

LIB. III. ALL

Or would conjure the Chymick Mercurie,
Rise from his hors-dung bed, and vpwards flie:
And with glas-stills, and sticks of Jumper,
Raise the Black-spright that burns not with the sire:
And bring Quintessence of Elemer pale,
Out of sublimed spring minerall.
Each poudred graine raunsometh captine kings,
Purchaseth Realmes, and life prolonged brings.

Affect his different mering force deteat.

Phoraclement Track lone, note;

The firthy Lathe and the south There

Soil would I haven that love them to doe

V Vere I a leech as who knowes what spawise

The liberall man thould bue, and earle thould die.

VV here life is deale who cares for corned elic

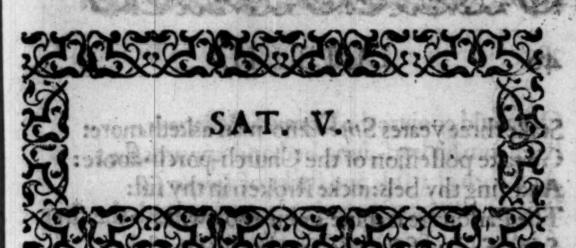
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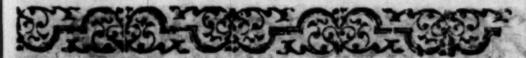
TAR Distinct is come, uced more less des.

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LIB. II.



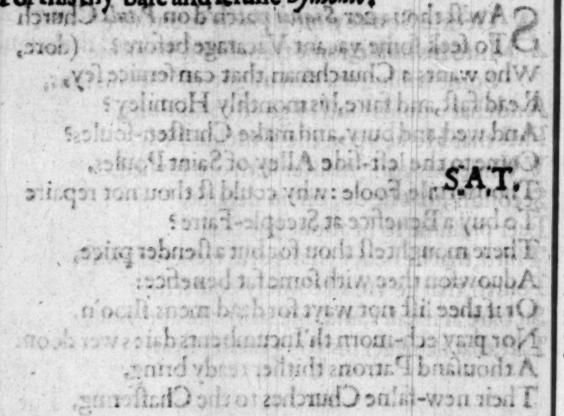
Shwift thou ever Signis patch'd on Pauli Church
To feek some vacant Vicarage before? (dore,
Who wants a Churchman, that canservice sey,
Read fast, and faire, his monthly Homiley?
And wed, and bury, and make Christen-soules?
Come to the left-side Alley of Saint Poules,
Thou service Foole: why could st thou not repaire
To buy a Benefice at Steeple-Faire?
There moughtest thou for but a slender price,
Aduowson thee with some fat benefice:
Or if thee list not wayt for dead mens shoo'n,
Nor pray ech-morn th'Incumbents daies wer doon:
A thousand Patrons thither ready bring,
Their new-falne Churches to the Chastering,
Stake





LIB. II.

Stake three yeares Stipend:no man asketh more: Go take possession of the Church-porch-doore: And ring thy bels: lucke stroken in thy fist: The Parlonage is thine, or ere thou wist. Saint Fooles of Goram mought thy parish bee, For this thy base and seruile Symonie.





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LIB, II.

41



A Gentle Squire would gladly intertaine
Into his house, some trencher-Chaplaine:
Some willing ma that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First that He lie vpon the Truckle-bed,
V hiles his yong maister lieth ore his hed.
Secondly, that he do, on no default,
Euer presume to sit aboue the salt.
Third, that he neuer change his trencher twise.
Fourth, that he vse all comely courtesses:
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe rise and wait.
Last, that he neuer his yong master beat,

But



LIB. 11.

But he must aske his mother to define,
How many ierkes she would his breech should line.
All these observed, he could contented bee,
To give five markes, and winter liverye.

Confidention would whelly intertaine

I A Lead in bunder to the cherry of the plane

Tolland of the Very part of Tolland of the Seat

I the date at large uct clange his evenel er twife.

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"" " Exerter caling with best menter unit with malons,

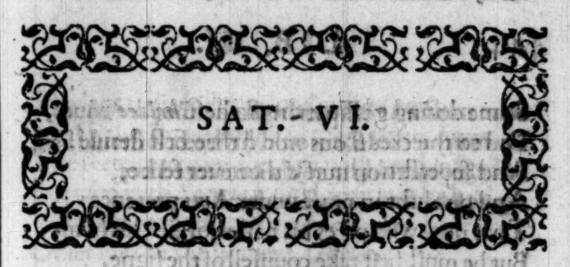
.TAX the ong mailer lectione his hed.

Foundation is visal countly countelies:
Stitument meales, and one balferife and war;
Lift shat he never has your maffer bear.

aren proponer to fiveboue the falt.

But.

CHEST CONTROL OF THE PARTY OF T



I N th heavens valuerfall Alphabet,
All earthly things so surely are foreset,
That who can read those figures, may foreshew
What ever thing shall afterwards ensue.
Faine would I know (might it our Artist please)
Why can his tell-troth Ephemerides
Teach him the weathers state so long beforne:
And not fore-tel him, nor his fatall horne,
Nor his deaths-day, nor no such sad event,
Which he mought wisely labour to prevent?
Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainsick tale,
Of old Astrology: where didst thou vaile
Thy cursed head thus long: that so it mist
The black bronds of some sharper Satyrist.

Some



## B. TEEL CONTROL

LIB. 11.

Some doting goffip mongst the Chaldee wives, Did to the credulous world thee first derive: And superstition nurs'd thee ever sence, And publisht in profounder Arts pretence: That now who pares his nailes, or libs his swine, But he must first take counsell of the signe. So that the Vulgars count, for faire or foule, For huing or for dead, for ficke or whole: His feare or hope, for plenty or for lack, Hangs all vppon his New-yeares Almanack. If chance once in the spring his head should ake It was foretold : Thus faies mine Almanack. In the heavens High-freete are but a dozen roomes, In which divelsall the world, past and to come: Twelve goodly Innes they are, with twelve fayre Euch weltended by our Star-dinines. (fignes, Every manshead Innes at the horned Ramme, The whiles the necke the Black-buls guest became: Th'arms by good hap, meet at the wraftling twins, Th'heart in the way at the Blem-lion innes,



#### LIB. III.

145

The legs their lodging in Aquarius got, That is the Bridge-Breete of the heaven, I wot. The feete tooke up the Fife with teeth of gold: But who with Scorpio lodg'd, may not be told. What office then doth the Star-gazer beare? Or let him be the heatens Offelere: Or Tapfters fometor some be Chamberlaines, To waite upon the guests they entertaine. Hence can they reade, by vertue of their trade, VVhen any thing is mist where it was laide. Hence they divine, and hence they can devile; If their ayme faile, the Stars to moralize. Demon my friend once liver-ficke of love, Thus learn'd I by the signes his griefe remoue. In the blinde Archer first I saw the signe, When thou receiu'dst that wilful wound of thines And now in Virgo is: that cruell mayd, Which hath not yet with loue thy loue repaide. But marke when once it comes to Gemini, Straightway Fish-whole shal thy sicke liver be. But



## 

46

LIB. II.

But now (as th'angry Heauens seeme to threat
Many hard Fortunes, and disastres great:
If chance it come to wanton Capicorne,,
And so into the Rams disgracefull horne,
Then learne thou of the vgly Scorpion,
To hate her for her foule abusion:
Thy refuge then the Ballance be of Right,
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite:
So with the Crab, go backe whence thou began,
From thy first march: and line a single man.

the least of by the three his suche remone.

to the bunde Ancher Giff fam the figure,

Which that mor ver with lowethy love emaide.

Sunightway Edhandole Baleley Belie Lines be.

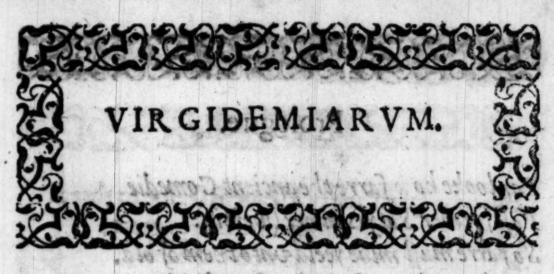
And now in Receive this crue limand,

But saarke when occesi comes to General

When chem receimed that wilful wound of thine:

is there ayoute faile, the Sterr to moralize.

THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE



Lat B.d al I Lad coned nating in

Prologue.

Some say my Satyrs over-loosely flow,
Nor hide their gall inough from open show?
Not riddle-like obscuring their intent:
But packe-staffe plaine vettring what thing they
Contrarie to the Roman ancients, (ment:
VV hose words were short, & darke some was their
VV horeads one line of their harsh poesses, (sence.
Thrise must be take his wind, & breath him thrise
My Muse would follow them that have fore-gone,
But cannot with an English pineon,

E

For



## BEFORE FOR STORY

Prologue. 2 ....

For looke how farre the ancient Comedie
Past former Satyrs in her libertie:
So farre must mine yeeld unto them of old.
T'is better be too bad, then be to bold.

Carefornia.

probate or is mere from In der le forte nous sherr

Theffe must be take to words or been the himstorie

My stafe mad follow them that bone fare con

Phate it one time o their her Preoches

Bat canast with an Engle opinion,





Time was, and that was term'd the time of Gold,
When world & time were yong, that now are
(Whe quiet Saturn swaid the mace of lead, (old.
And Pride was yet ve borne, and yet vebred.)
Time was, that whiles the Autumne fall did last,
Our hungry sires gap't for the falling mast
of the Dodonian okes.

Could no vehusked Akorne leaue the tree,
But there was chalenge made whose it might bee.
And if some nice and likorous appetrie,
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,

They scal'd the stored Crab with clasped knee, Till they had sated their delicious eie:

ing thera nortecting any cold.

Or



## 经是国际国际产品的产品的产品

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### LIB. II.

Or fearch'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rowes, For briefie berries, or hawes, or sowrer floes: Or when they meant to fare the fin'ft of all, They licktoake-leaves besprint with hony fall. As for the thrife three-angled beech nut shell, Or chesnuts armed huske, and hid kernell, No Squire durst touch, the law would not afford, Kept for the Court, and for the kings owne bord. Their royall Place was clay or wood, or stone: The vulgar, saue his hand, else had he none, Their onely feller was the neighbour brooke: None did for better care, for better looke. VVas then no playning of the Brewers scape, Nor greedie Vininer mixt the strained grape. The kings paulion, was the graffy green, Vnder fafe shelter of the shadie treen. Vnder each banke men layd their lims along, Not wishing any ease, not fearing wrong: Clad with their owne, as they were made of old, Not fearing shame, not feeling any cold.





## 

### LIBIHHAIL

51

But when by Ceres huswifry and paine, Men learn'd to bury the remuing graine: And father I anni taught the new found vine, Rife on the Elme, with many a friendly twine. And base defire bad men to deluen low, For needelesse mettals: then gan mischiefe grow. Then farewell fayrest age, the worlds best dayes, Thriuing in ill, as it in age decaies. Then crept in Pride, and peeuish Couetise: And men grew greedy, discordous and nice. Now man, that carft Haile-fellow was with beaft, Woxe on to weene himselfe a God at least. No aery foule can take so high a flight, Tho she her daring wings in clouds have dight: Nor fish can due so deepe in yeelding Sea, Tho Thetis-selfe should sweare her safetie: Nor fearefull beaft can dig his caue so lowe, All could he further then Earths center go: As that the ayre, the earth, or Ocean, Should shield them from the gorge of greedy man. Hath

## 经长少数 大型的 大型的 大型的

LIBIIII II

Hath vimost lade ought better then his owne ? Then vemost Inde is neare, and rife to gone. O Nature: was the world ordain'd for nought, But fi'l mans maw, and feed mans idle thought: Thy Grandfires words favor'd of thriftie Leekes, Or manly Garlicke : But thy furnace reekes Hote steams of wine; and can aloofe descrie The drunken draughts of sweet Autumnitie. They naked went : or clad in suder hide: Or home-spun Ruffet, void of forraine pride : Bu: thou canst maske in garish gauderie, hand A French head joyn'd to necke Italian; 10 1000 Thy thighs from Germanie, and breft fro Spaines An Englishman in none, a foele in all: Many in one, and one in feuerall . A sand and Toll Then men were men, but now the greater part 101 Beafts are in life, and women are in hearted bluos ! A Good Saturne felfe, that homely Emperour, and a A In proudest pompe was not so clad of yores b work





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### LIB. III.

53

As is the vnder-groome of the Ostlerie,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo the long date of those expired dayes,
V hich the inspired Merlins word fore-sayes:
VV hen dunghill Pesants shall be dight as kings,
Then one confusion another brings:
Then farewell farest age, the worlds best dayes,
Thriuing in ill, as it in age decayes,

Tes furience nearer co the firmament.

Some flurely combe he builds, Enyptian wife,

Reserved to the Premission of the Straight of the Stra



Cheat Ofmend knows not how he shalbe known
Whe once great Ofmend shalbe dead & gone:
Valesse he reare vp some rich monument,
Ten surlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise,
Rex Regum written on the Pyramus:
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oke,
That neuer felt none but the fellers stroke.
Small honour can be got with gawdie graue:
Nor it thy rotting name from death can saue.
The fayrer tombe, the sowler is thy name:
The greater pompe procuring greater shame.
Thy monument make thou thy living deeds:
No other tombe then that, true vertue needs.

What

## 题子980子880子880子880子8

### LIB. III.

55

What had he nought whereby he might be knowne, But costly pilements of some curious stone? The matter, Natures, and the workmans frame, His purses cost; where then is Osmonds name? Deserveds thou ill? well were thy name and thee, Wert thou inditched in great secrecie, Whereas no passenger might curse thy dust. Nor dogs sepulchrall sate their gnawing lust. Thine ill deserts cannot be grand with thee, So long as on thy grave they engraved bec.

I the forted grant, but loather to refuse.

A locally, when loads along the star:

A whole he would need; forte he had,

I've words or mener, and thanks too in his healt.

I've words or mener, Darksharah mishes

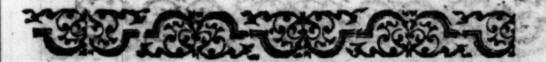
That or words or maner, Darksharah mishes

That or words or maner, Darksharah mishes

Along the too maner or had any to a feast.

Any has a near double biddings to a feast.

May has a near containing or an importune guest.



# control of the workers and the workers are the control of the cont

The curreous Citizen bad me to his feast,
With hollow words and ouerly request:
Come, will ye dine with me this Holyday?
I yeelded, tho he hop'd I would say Man.
For had I may den'd it, as many vse,
Loath for to graunt, but loather to refuse.
A lacke fir, I were loath, Another day:
I should but trouble you: pardon me, if you may.
No pardon should I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for money, Darbishirian wise:
(That's one too many) is a naughtie guise.
Who lookes for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importune guest.



## SECONTION OF SECOND

### LIB. III.

57

I went, then faw, and found the great expence, The fare and fashions of our Citizens. Oh: Cleopatrical : what wa nteth there For curious cost, and wondrous choise of cheare? Beefe, that earst Hereules held for finest fare: Porke, for the fat Beetian, or the hare For Martiall: fish for the Venetian, Goofe-liver for the likorous Romane, Th' Atbenians goate, Quaile, I clans cheere, The Hen for Esculape; and the Parthian Deere, Grapes for Arcefilas, figs for Platoes mouth, And Chesnuts faire for Amarillis tooth. Had'It thou such cheer? wer't thou euer ther before Neuer: I thought so: nor come there no more. Come there no more; for so ment all that cost; Never bence take me for thy second host. For whom he meanes to make an often guelt, One dish shall serue; and we lcome make the rest.

TA'Z euer grace a pan ent veller (booes



Readior liberary alowest



That so his threshold is all freshly steept
VVith new-shed bloud?could hee not saSome sorry morkin that ynbidden dies: (crifice
Or meager heiser, or some rotten Ewe:
But hee must needes his Posts with blood embrew,
And on his way-doore fixe the horned head,
VVith slowers, and with ribbands garnished?
Now shall the passenger deeme the man deuout.
VVhat boots it be so, but the world must know'r?
O the sond boastings of vaineglorious men:
Does he the best, that may the best be seene?
VVho euer giues a paire of veluet shooes
To th'hely Rood:or liberally alowes:

But





### LIB. III.

59

But a newe rope, to ring the Courre-fen Bell, But he defires that his great deed may dwell, Or grauen in the Chancel-window-glasse, Or in his lasting tombe of plated brasse. For he that doth so few deserving deeds, T'were fure his best sue for such larger meeds. Who would inglorious line, inglorious die, And might eternize his names memory ? And he that cannot brag of greater store, Must make his somewhat much, and little more. Nor can good Myson weare on his left hond, A fignet ring of Bristol-diamond: But he must cut his glove, to shew his pride, That his trim I ewel might be better spide: And that men mought some Burgeffe him repute, VVith Sattensleeues hath grac'd his sackloth sute.

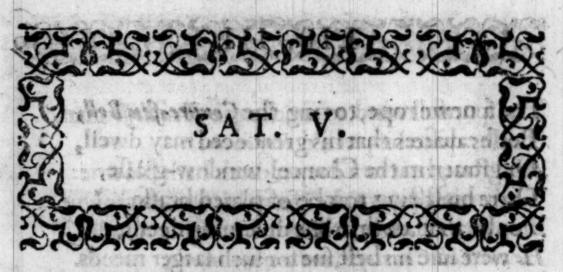
SAT.



elights, and runs, and quickly harbfarm

I o ouerrake his ouerrinning hed.

derd coer he could thinke,



The on all Curtefie, and varuly winds,
Two onely foes that faire disguisement finds,
Strange curse! But fit for such a fickle age,
When Scalpes are subject to such vassalage.
Late trauailing along in london way,
Mee'met, as seem'd by his disguis'd aray,
A suffice Courtier, whose curled head,
V Vith abron locks was fairely furnished.
I him saluted in our lauish wise:
He answers my votimely curteses.
His bonnet vail'd, ere ever he could thinke,
Th'nruly winde blowes of his Periwinke.
He lights, and runs, and quickly hath him sped,
To overtake his overrunning hed.



### ENE ENE ENE ENE

The sportfull wind, to mocke the Headlesse man,
Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian:
And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne:
There must my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.
I lookt, and laught, whiles in his raging minde,
He curst all Courtesse, and warmly winde.
I lookt, and laught, and much I maruailed,
To see so large a Cans-way in his head.
And me bethought, that when it first begon,
T'was some shroud Autumne, that so bar'd the bone.
Is't not sweet pride, when men their crownes must with that which ierks the hams of every iade (shade:
Or floor-strowd locks from of the Barbers sheares?
But waxen crowns well gree with borowed haires.

SAT. I



condefful fall grand don themaid of hell.

hallow thoresall naked fee

dies not can the La cassa



7 Hen Gullion di'd (who knows not Gullion?) And his dry foule ariu'd at Acheron, He faire belought the Feryman of hell, That he might drinke to dead Pantagruel, Charon was afraid least thirstie Gullion, Would have drunke drie the river Acheron. Yet last consented for a little hyre, word not 10 And downe he dips his chops deepe in the myre, And drinks, and drinks, and swalows in the streeme, Vutil the shallow shores all naked seeme. Yet still he drinks, nor can the Botemans cries, Nor crabbed ores, nor praiers make him rife. So long he drinks, till the blacke Caranell, Stands still fast gravel'd on the mud of hell,

There



# CONTROL OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

### LIB. III.

63

There stand they still, nor can go, nor retyre,
Tho greedie ghosts quicke passage did require.
Yet stand they still, as tho they say at rode,
Till Gullion his bladder would value.
They stand, and wait, and pray for that good houre:
Which when it came, they sailed to the shore.
But never since dareth the Fergman
Once intertaine the ghost of Gullian.
Drinke on drie soule, and pledge sir Gullion:
Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine owne.

Defunt nounulla.

Touched And Sprace (Elev

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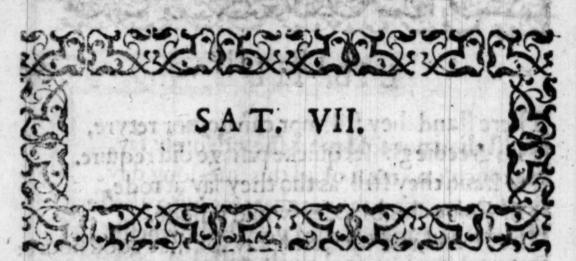
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SAT





Sheft thou how gayly my yong maister goes,

Vaunting himselfe vpon his rising toes,

And pranks his hand vpon his daggers side,

And picks his glutted teeth since late Noon-tide?

This Ruffie: Trow'it thou where he din'd to day!

In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray.

Many good welcoms, and much Gratis cheere,

Keepes he for every stragling Canadere:

An open house haunted with great refort,

Long service mixt with Musicall disport.

Many a faire yonker with a fether derest,

Chooses much rather be his short free guest,

To fare so freely with so little cost,

Then stake his Twelve-pence to a meaner host.

Hadst



# ACCEPTABLE FOR

### LIB. III.

55

Hadft thou not told me, I should furely fay, He touch't no meat of all this live-long day. For fure me thought, yet that was but a ghelle, His eyes feeme funke for very hollownesse, But could he haue (as I did it mistake) So little in his purte, so much vpon his backet So nothing in his maw: yet feemeth by his belt, That his gount gut, no too much stuffing felt. Seeft thou how lide it hangs beneath his hip, Hunger, and heavie Iron makes girdles flip. Yet for all that how fliff, first be by, All trapped in the new-found brauerie. The Nuns of new-woon Cales his bonnet lent, In heu of their fo kind a Conquerment. What neded he fetch that from farthest Spaine, His Grandime could have lent with leffer paine? . Tho he perhaps never past the English shore; Yet faine would counted be a Conquerour. His haire French like; stares on his frighted hed, One locke Amazon-like disheueled:

F 2

As



### CHARLES HORSE

66

LIB. III.

A sifhe ment to weare a native cord, If chaunce his Faces should him that bane afford. All Britis bare vpon the briftled skin, Close noched is his beard both lip and chin. His linnen collar Labyrinthian-fet, Whose thousand double turnings never met: His fleeues halfe hid with elbow-Pinconings, As if he meant to flie with linnen wings. But when I looke and cast mine eyes below, V Vhat monster meets mine eyes in humane showe So slender wast with such an Abbots loyne, Did neuer sober Nature sure conieyne: Lik'ft a strawne scar-crow in the new-sowne field. Reard on form: Sticke, the tender corne to Shield: Or if that semblance suite not euerie deale, Like a broad shak-forke with a slender steale. Despised Nature suit them once aright, Their bodie to their cote: both now mif-dight: Their bodie to their clothes might shapen bee, That nil! their clothes shape to their bodie.





### LIB. III.

67

Meane while I wonder at so proud a backe, Whiles th'emptie guts loud rumblen for long lacke. The bellie enwieth the backs bright g'ee, And murmurs at fuch inequalitie. The backe appeales vnto the partiall eine, The plaintiue bellie pleads they bribed beene: And he for want of better Aduocate, Doth to the care his injurie relate. The backe infulting ore the belies need, Saies: thou thy selfe, I others eyes must feed. The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine The backs great pride, and their owne fecret paine. Ye witlesse gallants, I beshrew your harts, That fets fuch discord twixt agreeing parts, Which never can be fet at onement more, Vntill the mawes wide mouth be stopt with store.



## B-SEEFEEFEEFE

The Conclusion of all.

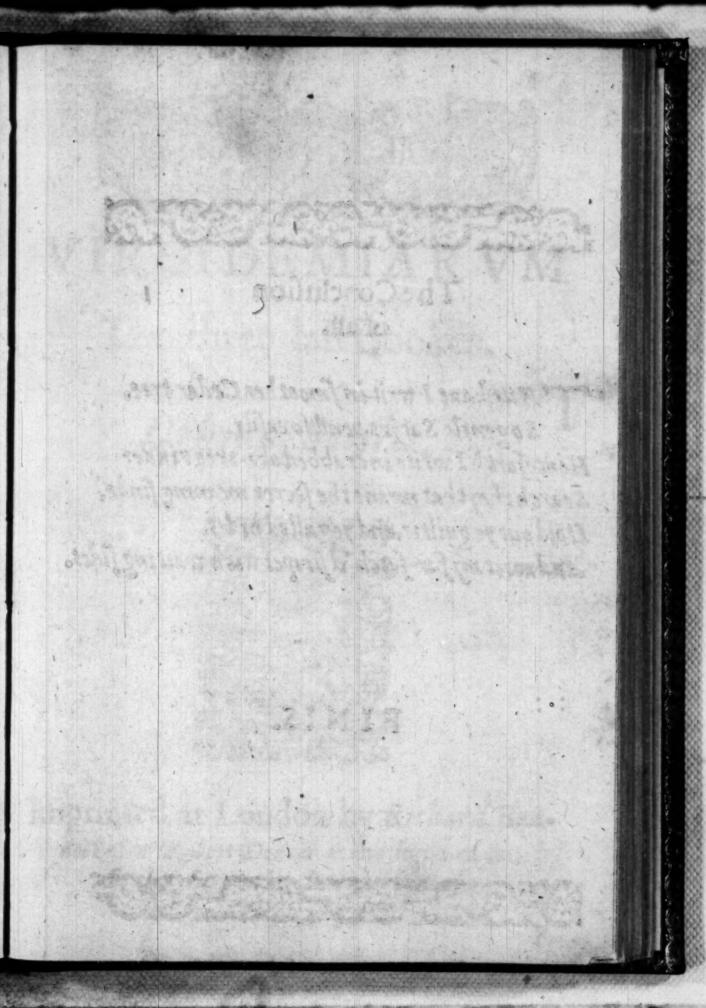
Thus have I writ in smoother Cedar tree,
So gentle Satyrs, pend so easily.

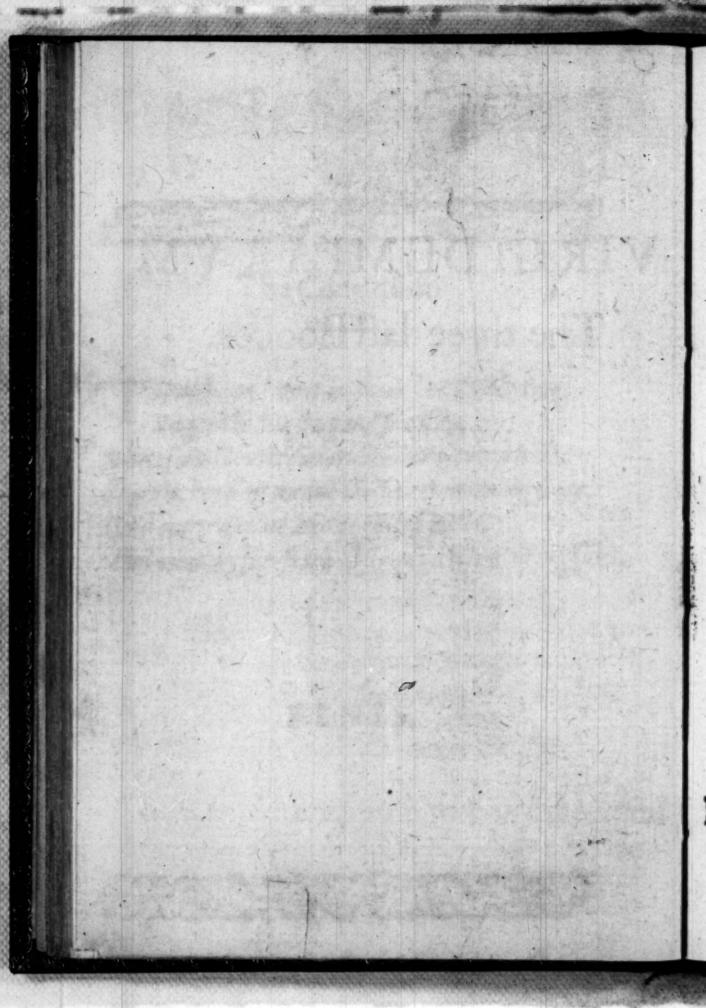
Henceforth I write in crabbed oke-tree rinde:
Search they that meane the secret meaning sinde.

Hold out ye guiltie, and ye valled hides,
And meet my far-fetch'd stripes with maiting sides.

FINIS.









## VIRGIDEMIARVM

The three last Bookes.

Of byting Satyres.



Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke for Robert Dexter at the signe-of the
Brasen Serpent in Paules Church
yarde, 1598.



# VIRGIDEMIARVM The three last Bookes.

Of byting Szeyres.



Imprinted at London by Richard Brawheelester Robert Reach at the figure of the 3 Erelen Surpers in Public Chards



# The Authors charge to bis Satyres.

Y Eluck-lesse Rymes, whom not unkindly spighte

Begot long since of Truth and holy rage,

Lye here in wombe of Silence and still night

Vitill the broyles of next unquest age

That which is others grave, shalleyour wombe.

And that which beares you, your eternall Toombe.

Cease ere ye gin, and ere ye live be dead,
And dye and live ere ever ye be borne,
And be not bore, ere ye be Buryed,
Then after live, sith you have dy'd beforme,
When I am dead and rotten in the dust,
Then gin to live, and leave when others lust.

For when I dye shall Ennie die with mee And lye deepe smothered with my Marble-stone, Which while I line cannot be done to dye,

Nor.





Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done, Will hardly yelde t'awayt my mourning hearse. But for my dead corps change my lining verse.

What shall the ashes of my senseless owne,
Neede to regard the raning worlde aboue.
Sith afterwards I never can returne
To feele the force of Hatred or of Loue?
Oh if my soule could see their Post-hume spight
Should it not iou and Triumph in the sight?

What ener eye shalt finde this hatefull scrolles.
After the date of my deare Exequies
Abpitty thou my playning Orphanes dole
That faine would see the Sunne before it dyes;
It dy'de before, now let it line agane,
Then let it dye, and bide some famus hane.

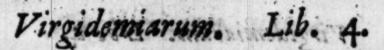
Satis est potuisse videri.



VIRGIDEMIARVME LIB. 4. WIRGIDEMIARVM.

FRANCE ENGLISHED

Service of Carlo Carlo Carlo De



# S A T. 1. Che baiar Vuol, bai.

With blindfold Agnines, or darke Venusines.

Or rough-hew'ne Terevisius writ in th'antique vain Like an old Satyre, and new Flactions?

Which who reads thrile, & rubshis rugged brow, And deepe indenteth every doubtfull row, Scoring the margent with his blazing stars And hundreth crooked interlinears, (Like to a merchants debt-role new defact When some crack'd Manour cross his book at last) Should all in rage the Curse-beat Page out-rive, And in ech dust-heape bury mee alive



Virgidenciaram. Lib. 4. Stamping like Bucepball, whole flackned raynes, And bloody fet-lockes fry with feuen mens brames; More cruelt then the cranon Satyres Gholts That bound de ad-bones voto a burning post, Or some more ftrait-lae a luror of the relly Impannel dof an Holy Fax, inquest; Yet well bethought floors downe, and reads a ne The bellisslow, and loaths the fliallow view, Quoth old Endemon, when his gout-swoine fil Gropes for his double Ducates in his chili Then buckle close his catelelle lyds once in To pole the poore-blind lake of Epidage That Lyncins may be match't with Ganlards his That fees not Paris for the houses heigh Or wille Cyppus, that can winke and more Whileshis wife callyes on a genas kort Yet when hee hath my crabbed Pamphlet red: As oftentimes as PHILIP hath beene dead,



### SATT NO

Bids all the Furies haunt ech peeuishline That thus have rackttheir friendly readerseyne; Worfe then the Logographes of later times, Or Hundreth Riddles thik't to fleeue-leffe rimes; Should I endure thele curses and dispight While no mans eare (hould glow at what I write) Labeo is whip't, and laughs mee in the face Why? for I smite and hide the galled-place; Gird but the Cynicks Helmet on his head, Cares heefor Talus, or his flayle of lead? Long as the craftie Cuttle listh fore In the blacke Cland of his thicke vomiture; Who lift complaine of wronged faith or fame When hee may shift it to anothers name? Caluns can ferarch his elbow, and can fmile, That thrife-leffe Pontice bites his lip the while Yet I intended in that felfe deuile. To checke the churle for his knowne coucrife.

SAT. 1.2

Ech points his straight fore-finger to his friend, Like the blind Diall on the Belfrey end, Who turns it homeward to fay, this is I, As bolder Socrates in the Comedie? But fingle out, and fay once plat and plaine That coy Matrona is a Curtizan, Or thou falle Crifpus chokd ft thy welthy guest Whiles hee lay moring at his midnight reft, And in thy dung-cart did'ft the carkaffe flirine And deepe intombe it in Port-efquiline; Proud Trebius liu's for all his princely gate Orthird-hand fuits, and scrapings of the plate, Titins knew not where to shroud his head Vntill hee did a dying widow wed; Whiles thee lay dotting on her deather bed And now hath purchas d lands with one nightspaine, And on the morrow woes and weds againe. Now fee I fire flakes sparkle from his eies



### SAT. L

Like to a Cometa tayle in th'angrie skies, His pouring cheeks puff vp aboue his brow. Like a swolne Toad touch't with the Spiders blow; His mouth shrinks sideward like a scornfull Playse To take his tired Eares ingratefull place: His Eares hang lauing like a new-lug'd fwine To take some counsell of his grieved eyne, Now laugh I loud, and breake my splene to see This pleasing pastime of my poesie, Much better then a Paris-Garden Beare Or prating puppet on a Theatere. Or Mimoes whiftling to his tabouret Selling a laughter for a cold meales meat; Go to then ye my facred Semones; And please mee more, the more ye doe displease; Care we for all those bugsof ydle feare? For Tigels grinning on the Theater, Or scar-babe threatnings of the rascal crue.



SAT. I.

Or wind-spent verdicts of ech Ale-knights view. What ever brett doth freeze for fuch falle dread; Beshrewhis base white liver for his meede Fond were that pittie, and that feare were fin, To spare wast leaves that so deserved bin : Those rooth-lesse Toyes that dropt out by mis-hap, Bee but astightning to a thunder-clap work and Shall then that foule infamous Cynedshide Laugh at the purple wales of others fides had aid I Not, if heewere as neere; as by report, med doubt. The flewes had wont be to the Tenis-court. Hee that while thousands enuy at his bed, Neighs after Bridals, and fresh-mayden head; While flauish June dares not looke awry and coo Tofrowne at fuch imperious riualrie, shall boA Not the free fees her wedding lewels dreft To make new Bracelers for a thrumpets wrest, 10 Or like some strange disguised Meffalines de 1851



### SIATA IN

Hiresa nightslodging of his concubine; Whether his twinght toren of loue doe call in over To reuels of vacleanty Musically sales and about 10 Or midnight playes, or Tauerns of new wine, Hy ye white Aprons, to your Land-Lords figne; When all faue tooth-leffe age es infancie, Are fummon'dro the Court of Venerie. Who diffexante i when chafter dames can hyre, Some from fayre firipling to their Apple-fquires Whom flaked up like to some stallion steed is off They keepe with Egs and Oyftens for the breed : II O Lucine barren Cais hath anheire After herhul pand's dozen yeares de spayres y sons And now the bribed Mid-wife fweares apace, The bastard babe doth beate his fathers face; But hath not Lelia pait het virgine veares 2000 For modest shame (God wor) or penall seares. He tels a Merchant tidings of a prife boldwoh wall That



# ENERGE ENERGY

### SAT. 1.

That tells Cynedo of fuch nouclties; Worth late leffe then landing of a whale Or Gades spoyles, or a churls funerall: Go bid the banes, and poynt the bridall-day, His broking Baudhath got a noble prey, A vacant tenement, an honest dowre Can fit his pander for her paramoure, That hee, base wretch, may clog his wit-oldhead And give him hanfell of his Hymen-bed Ho!all ye Females that would live vnshent Flyfrom the reach of Cyneds regiment; If Trent be drawn to dregs, and Low refuse, Hence ye hot lechour, to the flearning flewes. Tyber the famous finke of Christendome Turn thou to Thames, & Thames run towards Rome. What ever damned freame but thine were meete To quench his lusting livers boyling heat. Thy double draught may quench his dog-daies rage



# ENERGE ENERGY

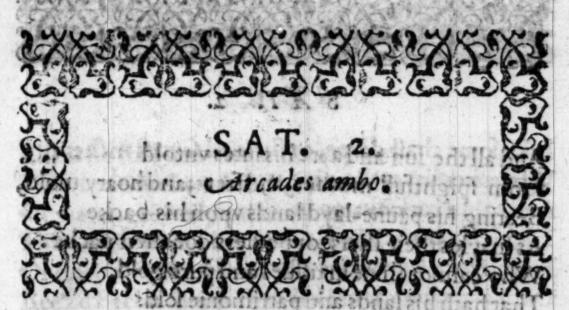
SAT. T.

With some stale Bacchis, or obsequious page. When writhen Lena makes herfale-fee flowes: Of wooden Venus with fayre limned browes, Or like him more some vayled Matrones face, Or trayned prentile trading in the place : The close adulteresse, where her name is red Coms erauling from her husbands luke warme bed. Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odors sweet, Groping the poffern with her bared feet, Now play the Satyre who folift for mee, Valentine selse, or some as chast as hee; In vaine shee wisheth long Alchmanas night Curfing the hafty dawning of the light, And with her cruell Ladie-starre vprofe Shee feekes her third souft on her filent toes. Befmeared all with loath fome fmoke of luft Like Acherons Reemes, or finoldring sulphur duft Yet all day fits thee simpring in her mew



S A T. 1.2

Like some chast dame, or shrined faunt in shew, Whilesheelies wallowing with a welly hed And palish carkaffe, on his Brothel-bed Till his falt bowels boyle with poylonous fire. Right Hercules with his second Demnire: O Eseulape!how rife is Phisicke made When ech Braffe-balen can professe the trade Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine, And doe the beaftly cure for ten-grotes gaine? All these & more, desetue some blood-drawne lines; But my fixe Cords beene of too loofe at wine, Stay till my beard shal sweepe mine aged brest, Then shall I seeme an awfull Satyrift; While now my rimes rellish of the Ferule still Some nose-wise Pedant saith; whose deep seen skill Hath three times construed eyther Flaceus ore And thrife rehearl'd them in his Triniall floare, I. I So let them taxe mee for my hote bloodes rage, Rather then fay I doted in my age.



LD driveling Lolio drudges all he can, social To make his eldeft sonne a Gentleman, line Who can despayte that sees another thrine, all W By lone of twelve-pence to an Oyster-wine? od T when a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stage, sinA Was allrich Nemushis heritage. Was in W Nought spendeth he for feare, nor spares for colly And all be spendes and spaires beside is lost; new Himselfe goes parch'd like some bare Cottyers Leafthe might ought the future stocke appeared Let giddy Cofmins change his choyce aray, ha Like as the Turke his Tents thrife in a day. Inon 9



# EERERERERERE

S AT. 2.

And all the fun and ayre his futes vntold From spightfull mothes, and free, and hoary mold, Bearing his paune-layd lands vpon his backe As fnayles their shels, or pedlers doe their packe: Who cannot thine in tiffues and pure gold, That hath his lands and patrimonie fold? Lolines fide-cote is rough Pampilian Guilded with drops that downe the bosome ran, White Carfy hofe, patched on eyther knee, The very Embleme of good husbandries And a knitnight-cap made of courfest twine, With two long labels button'd to his chin; So rides he mounted on the market-day Vpon a straw-stu'st pannell, all the way; With a Maund charg'd with houshold merchandise And with that byes he roft for funday-noone, 1 Proud how he made that weeks proustion; ......

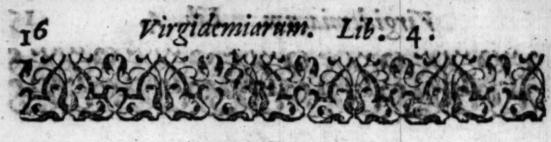




SAT. 2.

Else is he stall-fed on the workey-day With browne-bread crusts softened in sodden whave Or water grewell, or those paups of meale That Maro makes his Simule, and Cybeale. Or once a weeke perhaps for nouelty, Ree'zd Bacon foords shall feast his family; And weens this more then one egge cleft in twaine To feast some patrone and his chappelaines Or more then is some hungry gallants dole That in a dearth runs fneaking to an hole; And leaves his man and dog co keepe his hall Leaft the wild roome should run forth of the wall; Good man! him list not spend his idle meales In quinfing Plouers, or in winning Quailes; Nor toot in Cheap-fide balkets earne and late To setthe first tooth in some nouell-cate (please Let sweet-mouth'd Aeroia, bid what crowns the Forhalfe-red Cherries, or greene garden-peafe,





### S ATT 2.

Or the first Attichoks of all the yeare, list adain Tomakefo laufh coff for little cheere word When Bolio featlethin hisrereling fierg . 1015W 10 Some started Pullen Coures the rulted spiet in all For elfe how fliould his some maintained bee, 10 At Ins of Court of of the Chances tosed been There to learne law, and courtly carriage, by bal To make umendes for his meane parentage polo T Where he voknowne and suffing as he canyon 10 Goes currant ech where for a Gentleman, middle What brokers louly wardrop cannot reach, albo A With tiffued panes to pran ke ech pealants breech? Couldit thou but give the wall, the cap, the knee, To proud Sartorio that goes theatling by Wer't not the needle pricked on his fleeue . 10.1 Doth by good hap the fecret watch-word give? But hear'st thou Loliver fonne, gin not thy gate, Varill the evening Oule or bloody-Batt. Silved



S AT. 2.

Neuer untill the lamps of of Paules beene light. And niggard lanternes shade the Moon-shine night; Then when the guiltie bankrupt in bold dread. From his close Cabin thrusts his shrinking head, That hath bene long in shady shelter pene Imprisoned for feare of prisonment. May be some russet-cote Parochian Shall call thee colen, friend or countryman, And for thy hoped fift croffing the ffreet, Shall in thy fathers name his God-fon greete, Could neuer man worke the a worfer shame Thenonce to minge thy fathers odious name, Whose mention were alike to thee as leeue As a Catch-pols fift vnto a Bankrupts fleeue; Or an, Hos ego, from old Petrarchs spright Vnto a Plagiarie sonnet-wright. There soone as he can kisse his hand in gree, And with good grace bow it below the knee,



S AT. 2.

Or make a Spanish face with fauning cheere, With th'lland-Congelike a Caualier; And shake his head, and cringe his necke and side, Home hyeshe in his fathers Farme to bide, The Tenants wonder at their Land-Lords Sonne. And bleffe them at fo fudden comming on. More then who vies his pence to viewe some trick Of Arange Aleraccoes dumbe Arithmetike, Or the young Elephant, or two-tayl'd steere, Or the rigd' Camell, or the Fidling Frere. Nay then his Hodge shall leave the plough & waine, And buy abooke, and to Schole againe, Why mought not he aswell as others done: Rise from his Festue to his Littleton, Fooles, they may feede with words & line by ayre, That climbe to honor by the Pulpits stayre. Sit seuen veares pining in an Anchores cheyre, To win some patched shreds of Ministere,



S AT. 2.

And seuen more plod at a Patrons tayle To get a gelded Chappels cheaper layle. Olde Lolin fees and laugheth in his fleeue, At the great hope they and his flate do give. But that which glads and makes him proud'it of all Is when the brabling Neighbours on him call, For counsell in some crabbed case of lawe, Or some Indeptments, or some bond to draw: His Neighbours goofe hath grazed on his Lea, What action mought be entred in the plea, So new falne lands have made him in request, That now he lookes as lofty as the bett. And well done Lolso, like a thrifty fyre, I'were pitty but thy some should prove a squire How I fore-fee in many ages paft, When Lolives caytiue name is quite defa'st, Thine heyre, thine heyres heyre, & his heire against From out the lognes of carefull Lolian,



S AT. 2.

Shall climbe up to the Chanceli pewes on hie, And rule and raigne in their rich Tenancie; When perch't aloft to perfect their estate They racke their rents vnto a treble rate; And hedgein all the neighbour commonlands, And clogge their flauish tenant with commaunds Whiles they, poore soules, with feeling sighs coplain And wish old Lolio were alive againe; And praise his gentle soule and wish it weell And of his friendly facts fall often tell. His fether dead, tush, no it was not hee, He finds records of his great pedigree, And tels how first his famous Ancestor Did come in long fince with the conquerous Norhath some bribed Herald first assign'd His quartered Armes and creft of gentle kinde, The scottish Barnacle (if I might choose) That of a worme doth wax a winged goofe;



Virgidemiarum. Lib. 4. 21

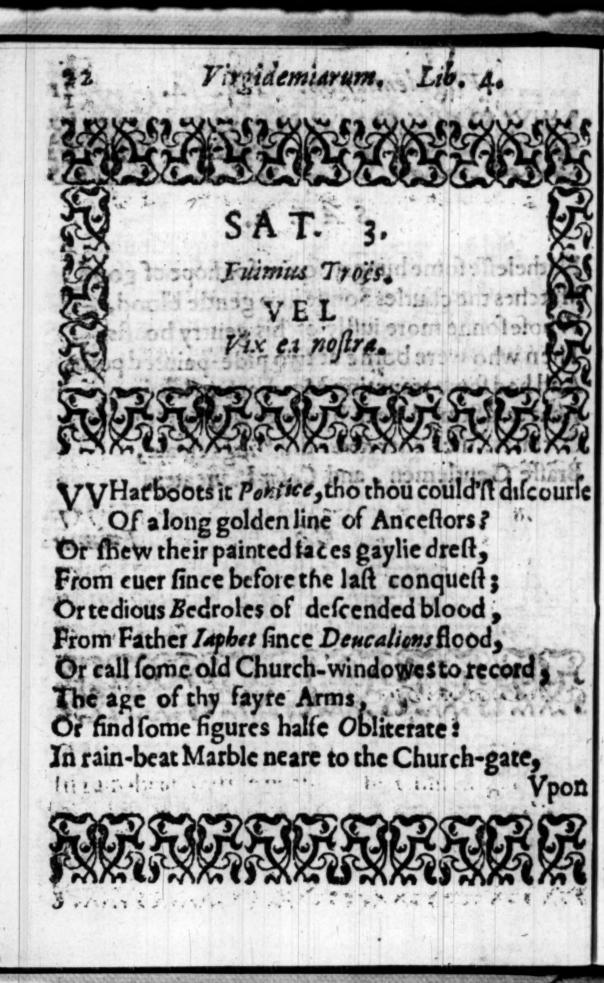
ENGLICE STATES

S A T. 2.

Matches the charles Sonne into gentle blood,
Whole some more justly of his gentry boasts
Then who were bothe at two pide-painted posts
And had some traunting Merchant to his syre
That transiqued both by water and by syre.
O times since ever Rome did Kings create,
Brasse Gentlemen, and Cafar Laureates.

Of a long golden ling of Ancefford of Street gaylie orelly room cuer fince before the laft conquest Or te didus fredroles of the feedbood





ERECENE ENERGY

S AT. 3.

Vpon a Crosse-leg'd Toombe: what boots it thee To shew the rusted Buckle that did tie, The Garter of thy greatest Grand-fires knee. What to referue their reliques many yeares, Their filuer-spurs, or spils of broken speares; Or cite olde Oclands verse, how they did weild, The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field; Andif thou canst in picking strawes engage In one halfe day thy fathers heritate, Or hide what ever treasures he thee got, In some deepe Cock-pit; or in desperate Los V pon a fixe-square peece of Iuorie, Throw both thy selfe, andthy Posteritie? Or if (O shame) in hired Harlots bed Thy wealthy heyre-dome thou have buried. Then Pontice little boots thee to discourse, Of a long golden line of Ancestors: Ventrous Fortunio his farme hath fold,

le

#### BRARBARBERRA

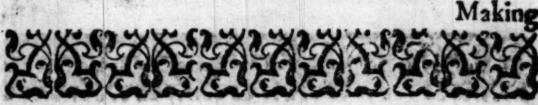
SAT. 3.

And gads to Guiane land to fish for gold, Meeting perhaps, if Orenoque denye, Some Bragling pinnace of Polonian Rie. Then comes home floting with a filken fayle, That Somerne Shaketh with his Canon peale; Wyler Raymendus in his closet pent, Laughs at luch daunger and adventurement; When half his lands are spent in golden tmokes And nowe his second hopefull glaffe is broke. But yet ishaply his third fornace hold, Deuoteth all his pots and pansto gold; So spend thou Pontice, if thou canst not spare, Like some fout sea-man or Philosopher; And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise, No thanke to thee by whome their name decays; By vertue got they it, and valourous deed, Do thou so Pontice, and be honoured: But els locke howe their vertue was their owne,



SAT. 3.

Not capable of propagation, but and lie grives Right fo their titles beene, nor can be thine, Whose ill deserts might blancke their golden line. Tell me, thou gentle Troismidoft thou prife in a W Thy bruce beaits worth by their dams qualities; Say'st thou this Cole shall produce a swift-pac d feed, Only because a Jennet did him breed? Or fay'ft thou this same Horse shall win the prize, Because his dame was swiftest Trunchefice, Or Runceualthis Syreshimselse a Gallaway? Whiles like a tireling lade he lags half-waye, be A Or whiles thou leeft some of thy Stallion-race, Their eyes boar'd out, masking the Millers-maze, Like to a Seythian flaue sworne to the payle; Or dragging froathy barrels, achis tayle? Albee wife Nature inher prouidence, worth Wont in the want of reason and of sence, Traduce the natiue vertue with the kinde,



SAT. 3.

Making all brute and senselesse things inclin'd, Vnto their cause, or place where they were sowne; That one is like to all, and all like one; Was never Foxe but wily cubs begges ; The Beare his feirce-nesse to his brood befets; Nor fearefull Hare falsour of Lyons feede, Nor Eagle wont the tender Doue to breede; Over euer wont the Cypresse sad to beare, Acheron banks the palish Popelare; The Pakne doth rifely rife in lury field, And Alphens waters nought But Olives wild. Lopus breeds big-Bul-Rushes alone, Meander heath; Peaches by Nilus growne; An English Wolfe, an Irish Toad to see, Were as a chast-man nurs'd in Italie, And now when Nature gives another guide, To humane-kind that in his bosome bides: Aboue instinct his reason and discourse,

His



SAT.

His beeing better, is his life the worfe? Ah me!how feldome fee we fonns fucceed, Their Fathers praise in prowesse, and great deedi Yet, certes if the Syre be ill inclin'd His faults befall his fonns by course of kindes Scaurus was couetous; his sonne not so, But not his pared nayle will hee forgoe: Florian the syre did women loue a life, And so his some doth too; all, but his wife : Brag of thy Fathers faults, they are thine owner Brag of his Lands, if those bee not forgone: Brag of thine owne good deeds, for they are thuse More then his life, or lands, or golden line.

> And Hins forme filent letters in my cares ad 1 not vow'd for hunning fuch de bate Pard to ye Saveres to degenerate? And wading low in this plebeian lake



28



Of Lolio's forme, that never faw the field,
Or taxe wild Pontice for his Luxuries,
But straight they tell mee of Tirefias eyes,
Or lucklesse Collingborns seeding of the crowes,
Or hundreth Scalps which Thames still understowes?
But straight Significan node and knits his browes,
And winkes and wastes his warming hand for scare,
And lisps some silent letters in my eare?
Haue I not vow'd for shunning such debate
(Pardon ye Satyres) to degenerate?
And wading low in this plebeian lake





29

#### ENERGE ENERGY

S AT. 4.

That no falt wave shall froath vpon my backe, Let Labeo, or who else list for mee, Goloofe his eares and fall to Alchymie. Onely, let Gallo giue me leaue a while To schoole him once or ere I change my ffyle. 10 O lawlesse paunch the cause of much despight, Through raunging of a currish appetite, When Iplenish morfels cram the gaping Maw, Withouten diers care, or trencher-law. Tho never have I Salerne rimes profest To be some Ladies trencher criticke gueff; Whiles each bitt cooleth for the Oracle Whose sentence charms it with a ryming spell; Touch not this Coler, that Melancholy This bit were dry and hote, that cold and dry; Yet can I fet my Gallsos dieting, A peftle of a Larke, or Plouerswing, And warne him not to cast his wanton eyne



#### ENERGE ENERGY

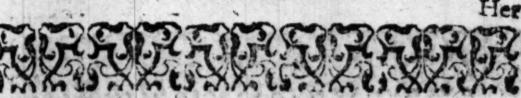
S.AT. 4.

On groffer Bacon, or falt Haberdine, Or dried Fliches of some smoked Beeue, Hang'd on a writhen with, fince Martins eue, Or burnt Larkesheeles, or Rashers raw and grene, Or Melancholike liver of an Hen, Which Rout Vorano brag's to make his feaft, And claps his hand on his braue Offrige-brefts Then fals to praise the hardy lanizar, That fucks his horse fide thirsting in the warre Laftly to seale up all that he hath spoke, Quaffes a whole Tunnell of Tobacco finoke If Martius in boylfrous Buffes be dreft, Branded with Iron-plates vpon the brett, And pointed on the shoulders, for the nance, As new-come from the Belgian garrifons; What shall thou need to enuie ought as that, When as thou smellest like a Cinet-Car; When as thine oyled lookes smooth platted fall,



SAT. 4.

Shining like varnisht pictures on a wall. When a plum'd Fanne may shade thy chalked face, And lawny strips thy naked bosome grace: If brabling Make-fray at ech Fayreand and Sile, Picks quarrels for to show his valiantife, Straight pressed for an hungry Swizzers pay To thrull his fift to each part of the fray, And piping hore puffes toward the pointed plaine. With a broad Scot, or proking spit of Spayne, Or hoy feth fayle vp to a forraine shore, That he may liue a lawlesse Conquerer, If some such desperate Hackster shall deuise To rouze thine Hares-hart from her cowardife As idle children striuing to excell, In blowing bubles from an emptie shell; Oh Hercules how like to proue a man That all so rath thy warlike life began; Thy mother could thee for thy cradle fer,



S AT. 4.

Her husbands rufty iron corfelet; Whole largling found might rocke her babe to reft; That never playn'd of his vneasie rest There did he dreame of drery wars at hand, And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand; But who hath feene the Lambs of Tarentine, May geffe what Gallio his manners beene; All softas is the falling thistle-downe, Soft as the furny ball, or Morrians crowne; Now Gallio, gines thy youthly heate to raigne In every vigorous limme, and swelling vaine, Time bids thee raise thine hedstrong thoughts on by To valour and aduenterous chiualrie; Paune thou no gloue for challenge of the deed, Nor make thy Quintaine others armed head Tenrich the waiting Herald with thy shame And make thy loffe, the icornfull scaffolds game. Wars; Godforfend; nay Goddefendfrom warre, Soone



SAT. 4.

Soone are Sonns spent, that not soone reare Gallie may pull mee Rofesere they fall, Or in his Net entrap the Tennis-ball: Or tend his Spar-hauke mantling in her Or yelping Begles buly heeles perfue, Or watch a finking corke vpon the shore. Or halter Finches through a priny doore, Or lift he spend the time in sportfull game. In daily courting of his louely dame, Hang'e on her lips, mels in her wanton ey Dance in her hand, joy in her jollity. Here's little perill, and much leffer pa So timely Hymen doc the rest restrain Hy wanton Gallie and wed betime, Why should'st shou keefe the pelasures of the Seeft thou the Role-leaues fall yngathered Then hy thee wanton Gallie to wed es Ring and Ferule meet vpon thine hand

SAT. 4.

And Lucines girdle with her fwathing-bands, 3000 Hy thee and give the world yet one dwarfe more Such as it got when thou thy felfe wast bore: Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin, Can neuer happines to loone begin; Virginias vow d to keepe his Mayden-head; And eats chaft Lettuce, and drinkes Poppy-feed And smels on Camphyre falting: and that done Long hath he liu'd, chaft as a vayled Nume Free as the new-absoluted Damofell, That Frere Cornelius fhrued in his Cell Till now he waxt a toothleffe Bacheler He thaw's like Chancer's trofty lantuere; And fets a Months minde vpon finyling Ma And dyes his beard that did his age bewray Byting on Annis-feede, and Role-marine, Which might the Fume of his rot lungs refine





Now he in Charons barge a Bride doth feeke,
The maydens mocke and call him withered Leeke,
That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

VVOuld now that Marke were the Sarprift, sagus to come fat bribe man greaze him in the full, For which he neede not braule at any barre, Nor kiffe the booke to be a perinter;
Who elfe would scorne his filencero have folde,



Might he not well rejine at his olde fee,
Won'd he but spare to speake of vsure?
Hirelings enow beside, can be so base.
The we should scorne ech briding variets brasse.



Would now that Matho were the Satyrift,
That some sat bribe might greaze him in the fist,
For which he neede not braule at any barre,
Nor kisse the booke to be a periurer;
Who else would scorne his silence to have solde,
And have his congue tyed with stringes of gold?
Curius is dead, and buried long since.
And all that loved golden Abstinence:
Might he not well repine at his olde see,
Would he but spare to speake of vsurie?
Hirelings enow beside, can be so base.
Tho we should scorne ech bribing variets brasse;



S A T. 5.

Yet he and I could thun ech iealous head, Sticking our thumbs close to our girdle-Head The were they manicled behinde our backe, Anothers fift can serue our fees to take : Yet purly Enchachearly fmiling prayd. That my tharpe words might curtal their fide trac For thoulands beene in enery governall, That bue by loffe, and rife by others fall, What ever fickly sheepe fo feeret dies, But some foule Rayen hath bespoke his eyes? What elfe makes N. when his lands are spent, Go shaking like a threedbare malecontent. Whose band-lesse Bounce vailes his ore-grown chin, And fullen rags he wray his Morphew'd skin; Softipshe to the waluish westerne ile. Among the lausge Kernes in fad exile; Or in the Turbilo were at Cularupaye To rubhis life out till she latest day;

D 3 Another

38 Virgidemidiam. Lik. 4.

28AT. 3.

Another Mifting Gallant to forecasts 1 18 34 39 1 Togull his Hoffelle for a months repails With some gal'd Trunk ballac'd with Hraw & Rone Left for the paune of his prouision; Had F. Shop lyenfallow but from hence, my to Y His doores close seal'd as in some pestilence, an I Whiles his light heeles theis fearfull flight can take To get some badg-lesse Blew voon his backe ? T Tocullio was a welthy viurer; and visian rous and Such flore of Incomes had he every yeare, of mil By Bushels was he wont to meete his coyne; il As did the olde wife of Trimalcion; I onis of Could he doe more that finds an idle roome, W For many hundreth thousands on a Toombels A Or who reares vp foure free-Ichoolesinhis ages? Of his olde pillage, and dann'd furplulageron A Yet now he swore by that sweet Crosse he kist, O (That filuer croffe, where he had facrifie dur oT

THE ENGINEERS

S.A.T. S.

His coueting soule, by his desires owne doome, Dayly todye the Diuels Martyrdome) His Angels were all flowne vp to their sky, And had forlooke his naked Trefurie, Farewell Aftrea and her weights of gold, Vntill his lingring Calends once be told; Nought left behind but waxe & parchment scroells Like Lucians dreame that filuer turn'd to coles: Shouldst thou him credit, that nould credit thee, Yes and mayft sweare he swore the verity; The ding-thrift heyre, his shift-got summe mispent, Comes drouping like a pennylesse penitent, And bears his faint fift on Tocallios doore, It left the last and now must call for more, Now hath the Spider caught a wandring Flye, And drags her captine at her cruell thigh: Soone is his errand red in his pale face. Which beares dumbe Characters of every cafe



## do direidemiarini, Lit. 4.

8 AT. 5.

So Syneds dusky cheeke and fiery eye, 1200 ele And hayre-les brow, tels where he last did lye, So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought, Whiles his pale face doth fay, his cause is mought. Seeft thou the wary Angler trayle along, His feeble line, foone as forme Pike too ftrong Hath swallowed the bayte that fcomes the thore, Yet now neare hand cannot relift no more: So lyeth he aloofe in Imooth pretence, Tohide his rough intended violence; As he that vndername of Christmas cheere; Can starue his Tennants all thensuing yeare, Paper and waxe (God wot) a weake repay, For such deepe debts, and downstakt fums as the Write, feale, deliuer, take, go, fpend and speede, And yet full hardly could his prefent need. Part with such summe; Por but as yester-late Did Farnus offer pen-worths at easy tate,



## Tingideminum, Lib, 4.

S. MT. 5.2

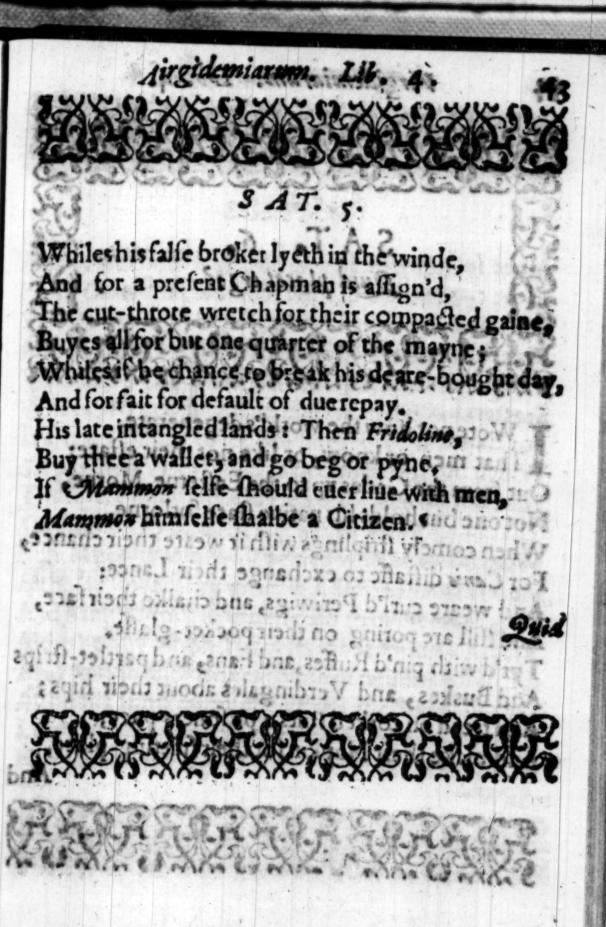
For fmall disburfment, He the bankes hath broke. And needs mote no w forme further playne ore looke; Yet ere he goe fayne would he be releast and Hy you've Rauens, hy you to the feaft; Prouided that thy lands are left entyre To be redeemed or erethy day expyre; in animal Then fhalt thon teare thofeidle paper-bonds That thus had fettered thy paumed lands, delan W Alrfoole! Por fooner thall thou fell the reft Then stake ought for thy former intrest; When it shall grinde thy grating gall for shame, To fee the lands that beare thy Grandfire name. Become a dunghill pealants formmer hall, Or lonely Hermits cage inhospitall; A pining Gourmand, an imperious flaute and To Anhord-leech, barren womb, and gaping grane, A legall theefe, a bloud-leffe murtherer; A feind incarnate, a falle Viures,



S. A.T. 5.2

Albee fuch mayne extort fcorns to be pent, mi 104 In the clay walles of thatched Tenement problem For certes no man of a low degree, May bid two gueftes; or Gout, or Viuries Vnleffe some base hedge-creeping Collybist Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he lift or od o'T For Eafter-gloues, or for a Shroftide Hen, Which bought to give, he takes to fell agent Idoe nor meane some gloking Merchants seate That laugheth at the cozened worlds deceipt When as an hundred stocks ly in his fift, ind W He leakes and finkes, and breaketh when he lift; But, Nammins eaf'dthe needy Gallants care, With a base bargaine of his blowen ware, not to Of fusted hoppes now lost for lacke of sayles A Or mo'ld browne-paper that could nought availes Or whathe cannot viter otherwise, and land A May pleasure Frideline for treble prices on bais







SAT. 6. Quid places orgo?

That men or know, or like not their estate:
Out from the Gades up to the Easterne Morne,
Not one but holds his native state forlorne.
When comely striplings wish it weare their chance,
For Cani distasse to exchange their Lance;
And weare curl'd Periwigs, and chalke their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.
Tyr'd with pin'd Russes, and Fans, and partlet-strips
And Buskes, and Verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked stilts a prisoners pace,
And make their Napkin for their spitting-place,





S AT. 6.

And gelpetheir wast within a narrow span ; Fond Game that would'it wish to be a man; Whose mannish Hus-wives like their refuse flace. And make a drudge of their exprions mate, Who like a Cor-queene freezeth at the rocke, Whileshis breech thamedoth man theforein fock. Is't not a frame to fee echihomely groome Sit percheet in an idle chargiot-roome, in mo That were not meete some pannell to bestride Surcinglet to a galled Hackneys hide & Ech Mack-worme will be rich with lawlelle gaine Altho he frothervo mowes of fecuenyeares graine, And hang'dhimselfe when corn grows cheap againes Alchohebuy whole Haruelts in the foring And feift in falle finkes to the measurings Altho his shop be muffled from the light Like day-dungeon or Cimmerian night, ain on Norfull norfatting can the Carle take referent



#### EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

S A.T. 6.

Whiles his George-Nobles ruften in his Cheft but He fleeps but once and dreames of burglaries And wakes and caftes about his frighted eyes orivi And gropes for theeues in euery darket hades bank And it a Moule but flir he cals for ayde did or W The flurdy Plough-man dorn the foldier feet aslin W All fearfed with pidecolours to the knee, s son sel Whom Indian pillage hath made for tunate on 19 112 And now he gins to loath his former flate stow and T Now doth he inly fcome his Kendall-greene in my And his parch's Cockers now despried beene! Nor lift he now gowhiftling to the Carre; or orlin But fels his Teme and fetleth to the warre, ad b. A. O warre to them that neventry de thee fweets distA When his dead mare fals groueling at his feeres And angry Bullets whiftlen at his care of zirl on A And his dim eyes fee nought but death & drere Oh happy Plough-ma were thy weale well known



S AT. 6.

Oh happy all estates except his owner Some drunken Rimer thinks his time well spent, 10 If he can live to fee his name in print, is mand 10 Who when he is once fleshed to the Prese: 10 And fees his handfell have fuch fayte fucceffe. of I Sung to the wheele, and fung voto the payle, will He lends forth Thraues of Ballads to the fale. Nor then can relf: But volumes vp bodg'd Rimes, To have his name talk'eof in future times: 10 1 The brainficke youth that feeds his tickled eare na With sweet-saucd hes of some falle Traneilery 10 Which hath the 8 panish decades red a while; si ail Or whet Rone leafings of olde Maundenile. W Now with discourses breakes his mid-night sleepe, Of his aduentures through the Indian deepe, and A. Of alleheir mally heapes of golden mines, and M. Orof the antique Toombs of Paleffine; Or of Damascus Magike wall of Glaffe, would I

# ringidemiarum. Lib. 4. Pingidemiarum. Lib. 4. A.T. 6.

Of Salomon his sweating Piles of Brasse, Of the Bird Ruethar beares an Elephant: Of Mer-maids that the Southerne feas de haunts Of head-leffe men; of fauage Cannibals; The fathions of their lines and Governals: What monfrous Cities there exceled bee, Cayro, or the Citie of the Trinitie, Indiana Now are they dung-hill-Cocks that have not feene The bordering Alpes, or elfe the Neighbour Rhene And now he place the newestfull Grashopper of Of voyages and ventures to enquire allowed daw His land morgagid: He lea-bearin the way doin't Wither for home a thousand fiches a day today And now he deemes his home bred fare as leefe As his parch't Bisket, or his Barreld Beefe Mong's all these flurs of discontented Brife, Oh let me lead an Academicke life, To know much; and to thinke we nothing know



S AT. 6.

Nothing to have, yet thinke we have enough, In skill to want, and wanting seeke for more, In weale nor want, nor wish for greater store; Enuye ye Monarchs with your proud excesses. At our low Sayle, and our hye Happinesse.

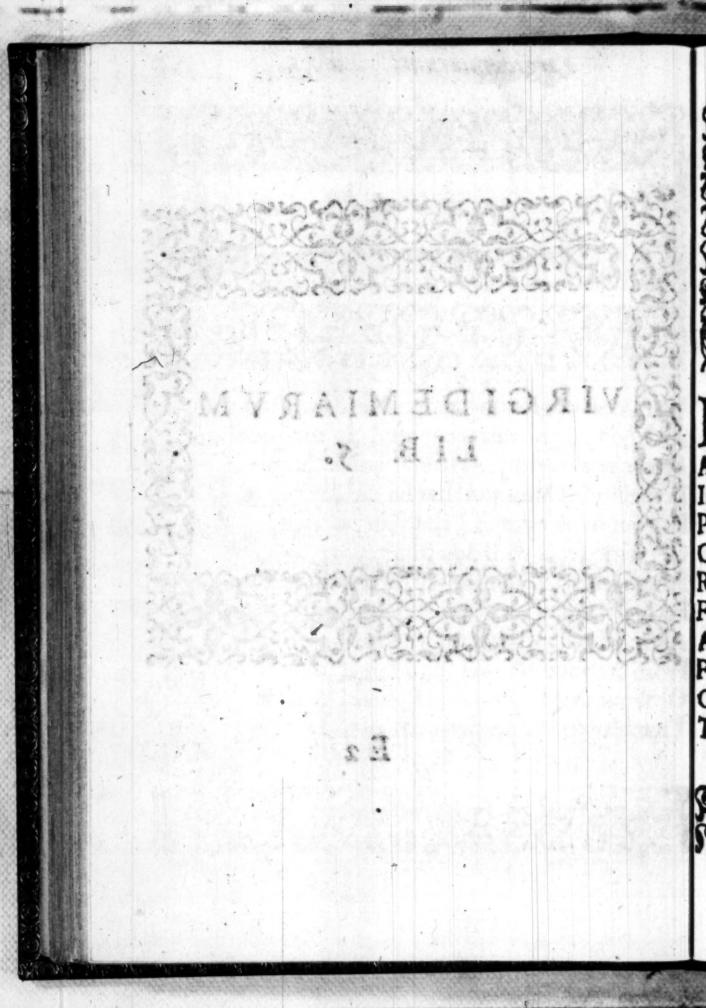
Lib. 4. Finis.



S. A. Farter Sans Nothing to have yet whiche we have enough, In skill to was the state was but celebrated in weale por want, not with for greater flore; bouyeye Monarche with your proudexcelles Atour low. Dayle, and one type Happinelle. AVA TO MARKET CANADA Libs 4. Finish

VIRGIDEMIARVM LIB. 5.

É à





Pardon ye glowing eares; Needs will it out,
Tho brazen wals compast'd my tongue about,
As thicke as welthy Scrobines quick-set rowes,
In the wide Common that he did inclose.
Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice,
Or let me see it with detesting eyes;
Reno wmed Aquine, now I follow thee,
Farre as I may for seare of icopardie;
And to thy hand yeeld up the suye-mace,
From crabbed Persine, and more smooth Horace;
Or from that shrew, the Roman Poetesse,
That taught her gossips learned bitternesse,



SAT. I.

Or Luciles muse whom thou did'st imitate, Or Menips olde, or Pasquillers of late. Yetname I not Mutius, or Tigilline; Thothey deserue a keener stile then mine; Nor meane to ranfacke vp the quiet graue, Nor burne dead bones, as he example gaue; I taxe the lining, let dead afhes reft, Whole faults are dead, and mayled in their Cheft Who can refraine, that's guiltleffe of their crime, Whiles yet he lives in such a cruell time, When Titius his grounds that in Grand-fires daies, But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise A sommer-snow-ball, or a winter-rose, Is growne to thousands as the world now goes So thirft, and time fets other things on flote, That now his Sonne sooups in a filken cote, Whose Grandsire happily a poore hungry swayne Beg'd some cast Abby in the Churches wayne



SAT. T.

And but for that, what ever he may vaunt, Who now's a Monke, had beene a Mendicant; While freezing Marho, that for one leane fee, Wont terme ech Terme the Terme of Hilarie, May now in steed of those his simple fees; Get the fee-simples of fayre Manneryes. What, did he counterfait his Princeshand, For some braue Lord-ship of concealed land? Or on ech Mschaelt, and Lady-day, Tooke he deepe forfaits for an houres delay ? And gain'd no leffe by fuch injurious braule, Then Gamins by his fixt wines burrall? Or bath he wonne some wider Interest, By hoary charters from his Grand-fires cheft, Which late some bribed Scribe for flender wage Writ in the Characters of another age, That Ploydon felfe might stammer to rehearle, Whole date ore-lookes three Centuries of yeares;

A CHARLES AND THE Who

SAT. I.

Who ever yet the Trackes of weale fo tride, But there hath beene one beaten way beside? He, when he lets a Lease for life, or yeares, ( As never he doth vntill the date expeares For when the full state in his fift doth lie, He may take vantage of the vacancy,) His Fine affor'ds fo many trebled pounds, As he agreeth yeares to Lease his grounds His Rent in faire respondence must arise, To double trebles of his one yeares price; Of one bayes bread'th, God wot, a filly cote, Whose thatched sparres are furr'd with fluttish soote A whole inch thick; thining like Black-moors brows Through smok that down the head-les barrel blows At his beds-feete feeden his stalled teme, His swine beneath; his pullen ore the beame: A flarued Tenement, Such as I geste, Stand firagling in the wafts of Holderneffe.



SAT. I.

Or fuch as shiuer on a Peake-hill side, When Marches lungs beate on their turfe-clad hide Such as nice Lipfine would grudge to fee, Aboue his lodging in wild West-phalye: Or as the Saxon King his Court might make, When his sides playned of the Neat-heards cake. Yet must he haunt his greedy Land-lords hall, With often presents at ech Festivall; With crammed Capons enery New-yeares morne, Or with greene-cheefes when his sheepe are shornes Or many Maunds-full of his mellow fruite, W To make some way to win his waighty suite, Whom cannot giftes at last cause to relent, Or to win fau our, or flee punishment? When griple Patrons turne their flurdy feele To waxe; when they the golden flame doe feele; W When grand Macenas casts a glauering eye, On the cold prefent of a Poche: min hand I blo y



### THE PRESENTANT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

SAT. I.

And least he might more frankly take then give, Gropes for a french crowne in his emptie fleeues Thence Clodius hopes to fet his shoulders free, From the light burden of his Naperie, The similing Land-Lord shows a fun-shine face, Faining that he will grant him further grace; And lear's like Ejops Foxe vpon the Crane, Whole necke he craues for his Chirurgian; Solingers of the leafe vntill the laft, What recks he then of paynes or promise past Was euer fether, or fond womans mind, More light then words; the blafts of idle wind What's fib or fire, to take the gentle flip; And in th'Exchequer rot for furety-fhip; Or thence thy starued brother live and die, Within the cold Cole-harbonr fanctuary? Will one from Scots-banke bid but one grote more My old Tenant may be turned out of dore,



SATA

Tho much he spent in th'rotten roofes repayre, In hope to haue it left wnto his heyre; med alley bak Tho many a lode of Marle and Manure led, Reuin'dhis barren leas, that earst lay dead. Were he as Furius , he would defie, Such pilfring flips of Pety land-lordrye. And might dislodge whole Collonyes of poore, And lay their roofe quite levell with their floore, Whiles yet he gives as to a yeelding fence, Their bagge and baggage to his Citizens, And thips them to the new-nam'd Virgin lond, Or wilder wales, where nener wight yet wound: Would it not wexe thee where thy fyres did keepe, To see the dunged foldes of dag-tayld sheepe, And ruined house whereholy things were said, Whose free-stone wals the thatched roofe ypbraids Whose shrill Saints bell hangs on his loverie, While the rest are damned to the Plumbery.





Yet pure deuotion lets the fleeple fland, hand Andydle battlements on eyther hand; Least that perhaps, were all those reliques gone, Furtous his Sacriledge could not be knowned by feet he as Varner, ha would defre,

it distribute whole Collaryes of poore,

more depute level; with the significant

Such piliting thes of Peryland landaye.



o legal college toldes of digresyla facere.

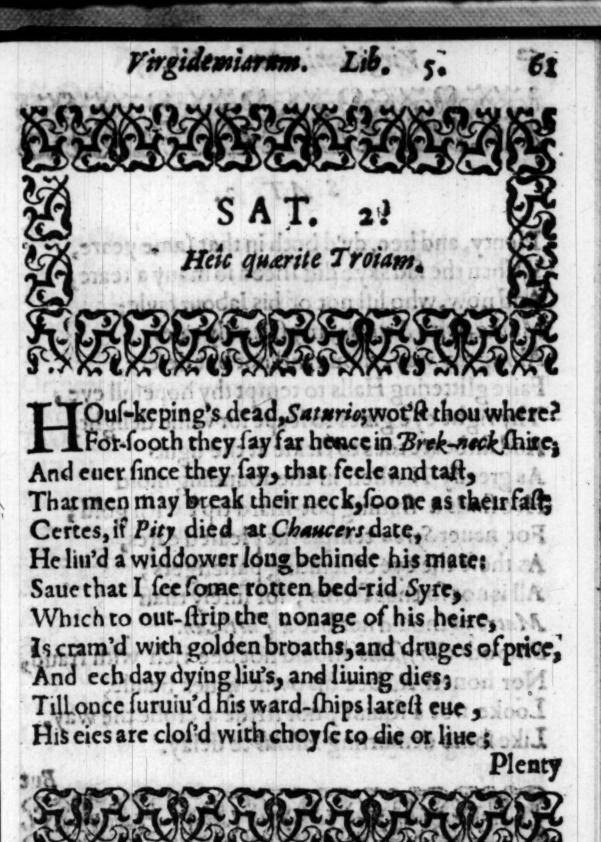
And raised bolls whereholding were faid,

Whole fluil games bulling a seeks burty

While the rell are damaed to the Finneless,

Whole hee flone wals then analyst core volvalds

hiles yet he gives as to a vegling tence



## ENERGE ENERGY

SAT. 26

Plenty, and hee, dy'd both in that same yeare, When the fad skye did fheed fo many a teare And now, who lift not of his labour fayle; Marke, with Saturio, my friendly tale: Along thy way, thou canst not but descry, Faire glittering Halls to tempt thy hopefull eye; Thy right eye gines to leape for vaine delight, And furbeate toes to tickle at the fight As greedy T. when in the founding mold Hee finds a shining pot-shard tip't with gold; For neuer Syren tempts the pleased eares, As these the eye of fainting passengers; All is not fo that feems; for furely than Matrona should not bee a Curtizan. Smooth Chryfalus should not bee rich with fraud Nor honest R. bee his owne wines bande, Looke not a squint, not stride a crosse the way. Like some demurring Alcide to delay.



#### 5 AT. 2:

But walke on cherely, till thou have espide, Sant Peters finger at the Church-yard fide, But wilt thou needs when thou are warn'd fo well Goe se who in so garish walls doth dwell? There findest thou some stately Doricke frame Or neate Ionicke worke; Like the vaine bubble of Iberian pride, That ouer-croweth all the worldbefide. VVhich reard to raise the crazy Monarches same Strines for a Court and for a Colledge name; Yer nought within, but louzy coul's doth hold, Like a scab'd Cuckowin a cage of gold; So pride aboue doth shade the shame belowe: A golden Periwig on a Black-mores brow. When Menios fittl page of his poely, Nayl'd to an hundreth poffes for noueltie, With his big title, and Italian mott Layes fiege voto the backward buyers grote. Which



ENERGE ENERGY

S AT. 2.

Which all within is drafty fluttish geere, Fit for the Onen or the Kitchin fire: Sothis gay gate adds fuell to thy thought, That fuch proud piles were never rayf'd for nought; Beate the broad gates; a goodly hollow found, With doubled Ecchoes doth againe rebound, But not a Dog doth barke to welcome thee, Nor churlish Porter canst thou chafing see, All dumb and filent, like the dead of night, Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite, The marble pauement hid with defart weede, With house-leeke, thiftle, docke, and hemlock feed, But if thou chance cast vp thy wondring eyes, Thou shalt descerne vpon the Frontispice, OT AEI I EI IITO grauen vp on hye, A fragment of olde Platoes Poefie, The meaning is: Sir foole, ye may be gone, Go backe by leane, for way here lieth none.



SAT. 2.

Looke to the towred chymneis which should bee The winde-pipes of good hospitalitie, Through which it breatheth to the open ayre Betokening life and liberall welfare Lo, there th' vnthankfull swallow takes her rest, And fils the Tonnell with her circled neft, Nor halfe that smoke from all his chymneles goes As one Tobacco-pipe drives through his nose; So rawbone hunger fcorns the mudded walls, And gin's to reuell it in Lordly Halls; So the blacke Prince is broken loofe againe That saw no Sunne saue once (as stories saine) That once was, when in Tringery I weene Hee stole the daughter of the haruest Queene And grip't the mawes of barren Suily, With long confraint of pinefull penury; And they that should refift his second rage, Haue pen'd themselues vp in the private cage,

#### SACTORNEY OF THE PROPERTY OF T

S AT. 2.

Of some blind lane; and their they lurke vnkowne, Till th'hungry tempest once bee overblowne; Then like the coward, after his neighbours fray, They creepe forth boldly, and aske where are they? Meane while the hunger-staru'd Appurtenance Must bide the brunt, what cuer ill mischance; Grim Famine sits in their forepined face All full of Angles of vnequall space Like to the plaine of many-fided fquares, That wont bee drawen out by Geometars; So sharpe and meager that who should them see Would sweare they lately came from Hungary. When their braffe pans and winter couerled, Hauewipt the maunger of the Horses-bread; Oh mee; what ods there seemeth twixt their chere And the swolne Bezell at an Alchouse fyre, That tonnes in gallons to his bursten panch, Whose slimy droughts, his draught can neuer stanch;



S AT. 2.

For shame ye Gallants grow more hospitall And turne your needleffe wardrope to your Halls As lawish Virro that keepes open doores, Like Janus in the warres; Except the twelue-daies, or the wakeday-feaft What time hee needs must bee his Cosens guest, Philene hath bid him; can hee choose but come? Who should pull Virroes seeme to stay at home? All yeare besides, who meal-time can attend, Come Trebins welcome to the tables end. What the hee chires on purer manchers crowne, Whiles his kind client grindes on blacke and brown; Aiolly rounding of a whole foote broad, From of the Mong. come heape thall Trebius load; Whattho hee quaffe pure Amber in his bowle Of March-brewd wheat: yet flecks thy thirsting foule With palish oat, froathing in Boston-clay Or in a shallow cruce; nor must that stay,

### SECTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

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S A T. 2.

Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd brain, But call and craue; and have thy cruse againe; Else how should eeuen tale bee registred Of all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrels head? And if he lift reviue his hartles graine With some French grape, or pure Canarian When pleafing Bourdeaux fals vnto his lott, Some fowrish Rechell cuts thy thirfting throte, What the himselfe carueth his welcome friend, With a coold pittan ce from histrenchers-end? Must Trebies lip hang toward his trencher-fide? Nor kiffe his fift to take what doth betide? What tho to spare thy teeth he emploies thy tongue In busic questions all the dinner long? What tho the scornfull wayter lookes askile, And pours and frowns, and curleth thee the while, And takes his farewell with a lealous eye, At cuery morfell hee his last shall see?



S A T. 2.

And if but one exceed the common file

Or make an hillocke in thy cheeke arife,

Or if perchance thou shouldest, cre thou wist

Hold thy knife vprights in thy griped fist,

Or sittest double on thy back-ward seat,

Or with thine elbow shad st thy shared meat;

Hee laughs thee in his fellowes eare to scorne,

And asks aloud where Trebius was borne?

Tho the third Sewer takes thee quite away

Without a staffe; when thou would st lenger stay

What of all this? Is't not inough to say

I din'd at Virre his o whe board to day?

For now our cases beene of more brutle noid, Then those dull carrier enres that were of older Agirlordens, like annille Ellere the hammers head Our glasse can never to ach vuihiuered.

I had beene then, of they were now as alnes







KOINA DIAQN.

That shoots sharp quilles out in each angry line.
And wounds the blushing cheeke, and siery eye,
Of him that heares, and readeth guiltily;
Ye Antique Saryras, how I blesse your daies,
That brook'd your bolder stile, their owne dispraise
And wel-neare wish; yet ioy my wish is vaine,
I had beene then, or they were now againes
For no wour eares beene of more brittle mold,
Then those dull earthen cares that were of olde:
Sith theirs, like anuillesbore the hammers head,
Our glasse can neuer touch ynshiuered.

ECREPARE EXERCISE

SAT. 32

But from the ashes of my quiet stile was as it is of Hence forth may rile some raging rough Lucile, That may with Eschylus both finde and leefe The fnaky treffes of th' Eumenides 10 100 of he A Meane while, sufficeth mee, the world may say That I these vices loath'd another day, Which I have done with as devout a cheere idity As he that rounds Poules-pillers in the care, W. A. Or bends his ham downe in the naked Queare. T'was euer faid, Frontine, and euer feene, and WI That golden Clearkes, but wooden Lawyers bene; Could euer wife man wish in good estate de mo? The vie of all things indifcriminate ? 1 1 1000 Who wots not yethow well this did befeeme, 100 ? The learned maister of the Academe? Plato is dead, and dead is his denile Which some thought witty, none thought ever wife; Yet certes Machais a Platonift, diadi no sero M. oDebarresch' Attit

## ENERGE ENERGE

SAT. 3.

To all, they fay, faue who fo do not lift; Beenule her husband afarre-trafiq; d man, Is a profest Peripatecian, And so our Grandsires were in ages past, That let their Lands lye all so widely wast, That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent, Within some prouince or whole shires extent As Nature made the earth, fo did it lye, Saucfor the furrows of their husbandry; When as the Neighbour-lands fo couched layne, That all bore show of one fayre Champian: Some head-lesse crosse they digged on their lea, Or rol'd some marked Meare-stone in the way, Poore simple men! For what mought that anayle, That my field might not fill my neighbours payle? More then a pilled flicke can fand in flead, To barre Cynedo from his neighbours bed, More then the thred-bare Clients pouerty; Debarres th'Atturney of his wonted fee? 

THE THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY O

SAT. 3

If they were thriftleffe; Mote not, we amend? And with more care our dangered fields defend: Ech man can gard what thing he deemeth deere, As fearefull Marchants doe their Female heyre. Which were it not for promise of their welth, Need not be Italled up for feare of fletth; Would rather sticke voon the Belmans cries Tho proferd for a branded Indians price: Then rayle we muddy bul-warkes on our banks Beset around with treble quick-set rankes: Or if those walls be ouer weake a ward, The squared Bricke may be a better gards Go to my thrifty Yeoman , and vpresre, A brazen wall to fhend thy land from feare, Do so; and I shall praise thee all the while, So be, thou flake not vp the common flile; so be thou hedge in nought, but what's thine owne So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done, So be thou let not lye infallowed plaine. That

S AT. 3.

That which was wont yeelde Vsurie of graine, But when I fee thy pitched stakes do stand On thy incroched prece of common land, Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbours keyne, And warn'ff that none feed on thy field faue thine; Brag no more Scrobius; of the mudded bankes, Nor thy deepe ditches, nor three quicklet rankes: Oh happy daies of olde Dencation. When one was Land-Lord of the world alone, But now whose coler would not rise to yeeld, Apelant, halfe-stakes of his new-mowne field Whiles yet he may not for the treble price Buy out the remnant of his royalties: Go on and thrine my pety Tyrants pride Scorne thou to line if others line befide, And trace proud Castile that aspires to be In his old age a young fift Monarchie Or the red Hat that tries the luckleffe mayne, For welthy Thames to change his lowly Rhene.



Twise twenty sterling pounds to sped by yeare;
The neighbours praysen Villios hide-bound sonne;
And say it was a goodly portion;
Not knowing how some Marchants dowre can rise
By sundaies tale to fistie Centuries;
Or to weigh downe a leaden Bride with Golde;
Worth all that Mathe bought, or Pentice sold;
But whiles ten pound goes to his wives new gowne,
Nor little lesse can serve to sute his owne,
Whiles one peece payes her idle wayting man,
Or buyes an hoode, or silver-handled Fanne.



SAT. A.

Or hires a Friezeland Trotter halfe yarde deepe,
To drag his Tumbrell through the staring Cheape,
Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,
And's treble rated at the Subsidies
One end a kennell keeps of thristlesse hounds,
What thinke you rest's of all my younkers pounds;
To diet him, or deale out at his doore,
To cofer vp, or stocke his wasting store;
If then I reckon'd right, it should appeare,
That source pounds serve not the Farmers heyre.

Or to wish a counce leader sticewith Colder Worth as the distance fold; Wereh as the bound goes to his wint such gowne;

By fundation of this Committee

Norline leffe can feme to fine his owne,

Whiles one preceptyes her idle wayting man,

Or buyes on hoode, or filuer-handled Hapme.



VIRGIDEMIARVM LIB. 6.

The state of the s 12. 63

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SAT. 1. Semel infaninimus.

To wound my Marget throughten leaves at once
Much worse then Aristanchus his blacke Pile,
That pierc'd olde Homers side;
And makes such faces that mee seemes I see
Some soule Megara in the Tragedie,
Thre atning her twined snakes at Tantales Chost;
Or the grim visage of some frowning post
The crab-tree Porter of the Guild-Hall gates
Whiles he his snightfull Beetle elevates;
His angry eyne looke all so glaring bright,
Like th'hunted Badger in a moonelesse night

#### S AT. 1.

Or like a painted staring Saracin; His checks change hew like th'ayre-fed vermins skin Now red, now pale, and swolne aboue his eyes Like to the old Coloffian ymageries, But when he doth of my recanting heare, Away ye angrie fires , and froftes of feare; Giue place vnto his hopefull tempered thought That yeelds to peace, ere euer peace be fought; Then let mee now repent mee of my rage; For writing Satyres in so righteous age; Whereas I should have strok't her towardly heads And cry'd Euce in my Satyres flead, Sololo Sith now not one of thousand does amisse, Wasneuer age I weene so pure as this, As pure as olde Labulla from the Baynes, As pure as through-fare Channels when it raynes, Aspure as is a Black-mores face by night, As dung clad skin of dying Heraclite.





S AT. 1.

Seeke ouer all the world, and tell mee where, Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer: A theefe, a drunkard or a parricide, A lechour, lyer, or what vice beside, Marchants are no whit couetous of late. Normake no mart of Time, gaine of Deceit, Patrons, are honest now, ore they of olde, Can now no benefice be bought nor fold, Giue him a gelding, or some two-yearestithe, For he all bribes and Simony defi'the. Is not one Pick-thanke firring in the Court, That feld was freetill now by all report, But some one, like a claw-backe parasite, Pick't mothes from his masters cloake in fight, Whiles he could picke out both his eyes for need; Nornow no more smell-feast Vitellio, Smiles on his mafter for a meale or two; And loues him in his maw, loaths in his heart,



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## ENGRACE ENGRAPE

#### SAT. I.

Yet soothes, and yeas, and Nayes on eyther part, Tattelius the new-come traueller, With his disguised cote, and ringed eare, Trampling the Burles Marble twile a day, Tells nothing but flarke truths I dare well fay, Nor would he have them knowne for any thing Tho all the vault of his loud murmur ring; Not one man tells alye of all the yeare won no Except the Almanacke or the Chronicler, But not a man of all the damped-crue For hils of gold would fweare the thing yntrue, Pansophus now though all in a cold swatt Dares venture through the feared Caffle-gate Albee the faithfull Oracles have forfayne, The wifest Sanator shall there be flaine. That made him long keepe bome as well it mig Till now he hopeth of fome wifer wight. The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suters hil



#### ENERGE ENERGY

SAT. I.

Or westerne playne are free from scared ill. Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed; But he that hath ought; hy him; and God speed; Nor drunken Dennis doth by breake of day Stumble into blinde Tauernes by the way, And reele mee homeward at the Euening starre, Or ride more easely in his neighbours chayre. Well might thefe checks have fitted former times And shouldred angry Skeltons breath-lesse rimes; Fre Chrysalus had bard the common boxe, Which earst he pick't to sfore his private stocks; But now hath all with vantage paid againe; And locks and places what doth behind remaine; When earst our dry-sould Syres so lauish were, To charge whole boots-full to their friends wel-fare; Now shalt thou never fee the salt before With a big-bellyed Gallon Flagonet. ien no fait fe ares fi all then arife.



#### SECOND PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

SAT. i.

Of an ebbe Cruce must thirsty Silen sip, That's all forestalled by his upper lip; Somewhat it was that made his paunch lo peare, His girdle fell ten ynches in a yeare. Or when old goury beld-rid Euclio To his officious factor fayre could show, His name in margent of some olde cast bill And fay; Lo whom I named in my will Whiles hee beleeues and looking for the share, Tendeth his cumbrous charge with bufy care; For but a while; For now he fure will die, By this strange qualme of liberalitie, Great thanks he gives : but God him sheild & saue From euer gayning by his masters graue, Onely live long and he is well repayd, And weatshis forced cheeks whiles thus he faid, Some strong-smeld Onion shall stirre his eyes Ratherthen no salt teares shall then arise,



SAT. I.

So lookes he like a Marble toward rayne, And wrings, & smites, & weeps, & wipes againe, Then turnes his backe and smiles & lookes askance, Seasoning againe his sowred countenance, Whiles yet he wearies heauen with daily cryes, And backward Death with devout facrifice That they would now his tedious ghost bereauen, And wisheth well that wish't no worse then heaven When Zoylus was ficke, he knew not where Saue his wrought night-cap, and laune Pillow-bere. Kindfooles; they made him fick that made him fine, Take those away, and ther's his medicine: Or Gellia wore a veluet Mastick-patch Vpon her temples when no tooth did ache When Beauty was her Reume I soone espide, Nor could her plaister cure her of her pride, These vices were, but now they ceas'd of long, Then why did I a righteous age that wrong, I would

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ELALEMENTONIA

SAT. I.

I would repent mee were it not too late Were not the Angry world prejudicate If all the sevens pentientiall Or thousand white wands might me ought auail If Trent or Thames could scoure my foule offence And let mee in my former innocence I would at last repent me of my rage, "OW Now; beare my wrong, I thine, Orighteo As for fine wits an hundreth thousand fold Passeth our age what ener times of olde For in that Puif-ne world; our Syres of long Could hardly wagge their too ynweldy tongue As pined Crowes and Parrats can doe now When heary age did bend their wrinekled broy And now of late did many a leathed man Serue thirty yeares Prenti-thip with Priferan But now can enery Nouice speake with eafe The far-fetch'd language of Th- Antipodes Would

THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

SAT: I.

hight Would'sthou the tongues that earst were learned Tho our wife age hath wipt them of their right; Would'it thou the Courtly Three in most request Or the two barbarous neighbours of the west? Bibinus selfe can haue ten tongues in one Tho in all Ten, not one good tongue alone. And can deepe skill ly smothering within Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin, 1010 Shall it not be a wild-figg in a wall Or fired Brimstone in a Minerall? Wein ben on out &A Doe thou disdaine O ouer-learned age The tongue-ty'de filence of that Samian fage; Forth ye fine wits, and rush into the presse And for the cloyed world your workes addresse, Is not a Gnat, nor Fly, nor feely Ant But a fine wit can make an Elephant; Should Bandels Throfile die without a fong? Or Adamantius my Dog be laid along, Downe

SAT. I.

Downe in some ditch without his Exequies, Or Epitaphs, or mournefull Elegies? Folly it selfe, and baldnes may be praised, And sweet conceyts from filthy objects rayled; VVhat do not fine witts dare to vndertake? What dare fine wits doe for honors fake? But why doth Balbus his deade-doing quill Perch in his rusty scabbard all the while, His golden Fleece ore-growne with moldy hore As tho he had his witty works for wore, Belike of late now Balbus hath no need. Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread The Catch-poles fift. The Presse may still remaine And breath, till Balbus be in debt againe, Soone may that bee; so I had filent beene, And not thus rak't vp quiet crimes vnfeene. Silence is fafe, when faying flirreth fore And makes the stirred Puddle Stinke the more.



### S AT. 1.

Shall the controller of proud Nemefis In lawlesse rage vpbrayd ech others vice, While no man feeketh to reflect the wrong And crub the rauge of his mif-ruly tongue? By the two crownes of Pernasse euer-greene, And by the clouen head of Hippocrene As I true Poet am; I here auow (So folemnly kift he his Lawrell bow) If that bold Satyre vnreuenged be For this so saucy and soule iniurie: So Labeo weens it my eternall shame To proue I neuer earnd a Poets name; But would I be a Poet if I might, To rub my brow three daies, and wake three night And bite my nayles, and scrat my dullard head And curse the backward Muses on my bed About one peeuish syllable: Which out-fought I take vp Thales ioy, faue for fore-thought





SAT. 1. 2

How it shall please ech Ale-knights censuring eye, And hang'd my head for feare they deeme awry ; Whiles three-bare Martiall turnes his merry note To beg of Rufus a cast winter cote; Whiles hungry Marot leapeth at a Beand And dyethlike a ftaru'd Cappaciers Go Ariost, and gape for what may fall From Trencher of a flattring Cardinall, And if thou gettelt but a Pedants fee Thy bed, thy board, and courfet huerye O honor farre beyond a Brazen fhrine To fit with Tarteton on an Ale-posts figne Who had but lived in Augustus daies Thad beene some honor to be crown'd with Bayes, VVhen Lucan fireaked on his Marble-bed To thinke of Cafar, and great Pompeys deed; Or when Archelans shau'd his mourning head Soone as he heard Stefichorus was dead. At least would some good body of the rest,

# ENTERED ENTERED ENTERED

### S AT. 1.

Set a Gold-pen on their bay-wreathed Creft. Or would their face in flamped coyne expresse, As did the Myrelens their Poetelle. Now as it is, bestrew him if he might, That would his browes with Cafars Laurell dight, Tho what ayl'dmee, I might not well as they Rake vp forme for-worne tales that fmothered lay In chimny corners finok'd with wither-fires To read and rocke affeepe our drouzy gires, No man his threshold better knowes, then To 240 !! Brutes first arrivall, and first victory, Saint Georges Sorrell or his croffe of blood pog bank Arthurs round Bord, or Caledonian wood, 2011132/1 Or holy battels of Bold Charlemaine, O , 1110 2911) What wore his knights did Salers fiege maintaine; How the mad Rivall be layte Angenezeril ours on I. VVas Philick't from the new-found Paradice; 10 1 High-stories they; which with their fiveling straine Haue riuen Frontoes braod Rehearfall-Plane,



### SAT. I.

But so to fill yp bookes both backe and fide What needs it? Are there not enow belide. O age well thriuen and well fortunate, When ech man hath a Muse appropriate, And sheelike to some seruile eare-boar'd slave Must play and fing when, and what he would have, Would that were all: small fault in number lies, Were not the feare from whence it should arise, But can it be ought but a spurious scede, That grows fo rife in fuch valikely speed. Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home, And spenttwo yeares at Venice and at Rome. Returned, heares his bleffing askt of three Cries out, O Inlian law, Adulterie. Tho Laber reaches right: (who can deny,) The true firaynes of Heroseke Poche, For he can tell how fury reft his fense And Phabas fild him with intelligence,





SAT. I.

He can implore the heathen Deities, To guide his bold and buly enterprise; Orfilch whole Pages at a clap for need From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed; Whilebig But Obsech stranzae can begin, Whole trunke and tayle fluttish and hartlesse bin; He knows the grace of that new elegance, Which sweet Philisides fetch't of late from France, That well befeem'd his high-stil'd Arcady, Tho others marre it with much liberty; In Epithets to joyne two words in one, Forfooth for Adiectives cannot stand alone, As a great Poet could of Bacchus fay, That he was Semele-femori-gena. Lastly he names the spirit of Astrophell, Now hath not Labee done wondrous well? But ere his Muse her weapon learne to weild.

Or





SAT. I.

Or dance a sober Pirrbicke in the field, Or marching wade in blood vp to the knees, Her Arma Viram goes by two degrees, The shepe-cote first hath bene her nurlery Where the hath worne her yole infancy, And in hy flartups walk't the paltur'd plaines To tend her tasked heard that there remaines And winded still a pipe of Ote or Brere Striving for wages who the praise shall beare As did whilere the homely Carmelile Following Virgiland he Theorite; Or else hath bene in Venus Chamber traind To play with Cupid, till shee had attain'd To comment well vpon a beauteous face, Then was the fitt for an Heroicke place; As wittie Pontanin great earnest saed His Mistres breasts were like two weights of lead, Another



SAT. i.

Another thinks her teeth might likened bee To two fayer rankes of pales of yuorie, To fence in sure the wild beaft of her tongue, From eyther going farre, or going wrong; Her grinders like two Chalk-stones in a mill, which shall with time and wearing wax as ill As olde Catillaes which wont enery night, Lay vp her hollow pegs till next day light. And with them grinds fost-simpring all the day, When least her laughter should her gums bewray Her hands must hide her mouth if she but smile; Fayne would the feeme all frixe and frolicke still; Her forehead fayre is like a brazen hill Whose wrinckled furrows which her age doth breed Are dawbed full of Venice chalke for need, Her eyes like filuer faucers fayre befet, With thining Amber and with thady-let

Her





Her lidslike Cupids-bowcase where he hides
The weapons which doth wound the wanton-eyde,
Her chin like Pindus or Pernassus hill
Where down descends th'oreslowing stream doth fil
The well of her fayre mouth, Ech hath his praise,
Who would not but wed Poets now a daies,

### FINIS.





V V Ho say's these Romish Pageants benetou hy
Tobe the Scorne of sportfull Poesy?
Certes not all the worlde such matter wist
As are the seuen hils, for a Satiryst.
Perdy, I loath an hundreth Mathoes tongues.
An hundreth Gamsters shiftes, or Landlords wrongs,
Or Labers Poems, or base Lolies pride.
Or euer what I thought or wrote beside.
When once I thinke if carping Aquines spright
To see now Rome, were licened to the light;
How his enraged ghost would stampe and stare
That Cesars throne is turn d to Peters chayre.

H



Virgidemiarum. lib. 6

#### 98

### EEEEEEEEEEEE

#### SAT. 2

To see an olde shorne Lozell perched hy Croffing beneatha golden Canopy, The whiles a thousand haireleffe crownes crouch To kiffe the precious case of his proude Toe, And for the Lordly Faices borne of olde, To fee two quiet Croffed keyes of golde, Or Cybiles shrine, the famous Pantheons frame Turn'd to the honour of our Ladies name, But that he most would gaze and wonder at, Is th' horned Miter, and the bloudy Hat. The crooked staffe, their Coules strange forme and Saue that he saw the same in hell before, To see their broken Nuns with new-shorne heads, In a blinde Cloyster tosse their idle Beades, Or Louzy Coules come moking from the stewes. Toraise the Leud Rentto their Lord accrewes, (Who with ranke Venice doth his pompe aduance By trading of ten thousand (urtizans)



# Firgidemiarum. 110.6

### SAT. 2

Yet backward must absolue a semales fin, Like to a false diffembling Theatine, Who when his fkine is red with fairts of Male And rugged haire cloth coures his greazy nayle, Or wedding garment tames his flubburne back, Which his hempe girdle dyes all blewand blacke. Or of his Almes-Boule three dayes sup'd & din'd, Trudges to open flewes of either kinde: Or takes forme Cardinals stable in the way, And with some pampered Mule doth weare the day Kept for his Lords owne fadle when him lift; Come Vatentine, and play the Satryilt. To fee poore fucklings welcom'd to the light With fearing yrons of fome lowre facobete. Or golden offers of an aged foole To make his Coffin some Franciscanscoule. To see the Popes blacke knight, a cloked Frere Sweating in the channell like a Scanengere.

H. W. Come

100 Firgidemiarum, lib. 6

## ENERGY ENGINE

SAT. A

whom earfithy bowed hamme did lowly greete? When at the Corner -croffe thou did'ft him meet, Tumbling his Referies hanging at his belt Or his Barretta, or his towred felte, To fee a lafie dumb Acholithite, Armed against a deuout Flyes despight, Which at th' hy Alter doth the Chalise vaile With a broad Flieflappe of a Peacockes tayle, The whiles the likerous Priest spits every tryce With longing for his morning sacrifice. Which he reres vp quite perpendiculare, That the mid-church doth spite the Chancels fare, Beating their emptie mawes that would be fed. With the scant morsels of the Sacriffs bread. Would he not laugh to death, when he should heare The shamelesse Legends of S. Christopher, S. George, the Sleepers, or S. Peters well Or of his daughter good S. Petronell,



# CHEET ENTREES

SAT. 2

Yeaning in mids of her procession, mission of her procession, mission of her procession, mission of hould see the needlesse tryall-ohayre, (When ech is proued by his bastard heyre) or faw the Churches, & new Calendere Pestred with mungrell Saints, and reliques dere, Should hee cry out on Codro's tedious Tomes, Whe his new rage would aske no narrower rooms?

ed with Louis INL Thus son he will earn to tavourelette

H3

abolateinde more of her bonered The constant



of the average office and are described to

WE TANKE HISTORY

T is not for every one to reliable true and natural Sarve being of refelte besides the nating and in bred bitternes and tarmes of the perticulers, both hard of concept, and harshof stile, and therefore cannot but beyopleasing both to the vnikilfull, and ouer Muficall care, the one being affected with onely a shallow and easie matter, the other with a fmoth and current disposition; so that I well foresee in the timely publication of these my concealed Satyres, I am fet vpon the racke of many mercileffe & peremptory centures? which fith the calmett and most plausible writer is almost fatally subject voto, in the curiofiticof these nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted upon the occasion of so buly & stirring a subject. One thinkes it mit-befeeming the Author. becaule a Poem; another vnlawfull in refelfe becaufe a Satyre; a third harmefull to others for the tharpnesse, a four the vn Satyrelike for the mildnesse: The learned too perspicuous, being named with Iuuenall, Perfius, and the other ancient Satyres; The vnlearned, sauourelesse, because too obscure, and obscure because not vnder their reach. VVhat a monfter must he be that woulde please all?

Certainely looke what wether it would be if every Almanacke should be verified, much what like Poems, if every fancie should be sured. It is not for this kinde to define or hope to please, which naturally should onely finde pleasure in displeasing; notwithstanding if the fault sinding with the vices of the time, may honestly accord with the good will of the parties I had as leave, ease my selfe with a slender Apologie, as wilfully beare the brunt of causelesse anger in my silence. For Poetry it selfe, after the so effectuall and absolute indeauours of her honored Patrons, either shee needeth no new defence, or else might well scorne the offer

of so impotent and poore a client. Onely for my owne part; the were shee a more vnworthie Mistresse, I thinke she might be inossensively served with the broken Messes of our twelve a clocke houres, which homely service she onely claimed and found of mee, for that short while of my attendance, yet having thus soone taken my solemne Farewell of her, and shaked handes with all her retinue, why should it be an

eye fore vnto any, fith it can be no loffe to my felfe:

For my Satyres themselves, I see two obuious cauils tobe antwered. One concerning the matter; then which, I confelle none can be more open to daunger, to enuic, Sith falts loath nothing more then the light, and men love nothinge more then their faults, and therefore what through the na. ture of the faults, and faulte of the perfons, it is impossible fo violent an appeachment should be quierly brooked: But why should vices be vnblamed for feare of blame ? and if thou mailt fpit vpon a Toade vnuenomed, why mailt thou not speaks of a vice without daunger. Especially so warilye as I have indeauoured, who in the ynpartial mention of foniany vices, may fafely pro felle to be altogether guiltleffe in my selfe to the intention of any guiltie person who might be ble mished by the likelyhoode of my conceived application, thereupon chooling rather to marre mine owne verse then anothers name : which notwithstanding if the injurious reader shall wrest to his owne spight, and disparaging of o. thers it is a fhort answere. Art thou guiltye?complaine not thou art notwronged, art thou guitlesse? complaine not thou art not touched. The other concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much stouping to the low reach of the vilgar, I shalbe thought not to have any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predecessors, whome in the want of more late and familiar prefidents I am constrained thus farre of to H4 imitate:

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104

imitate: which thing I can be fo willing to graunt that I am further read e to warrant my action thereinto any indifferent censure. First therefore I dare boldly auouch that the English is not altogether so naturall to a Satyre. as the Latin, which I doe not impute to the nature of the language it felfe, being fo farre from difabling it any way, that me thinks I durft equall it to the proudelt in every refped, but to that which is comon to it withall other comon languages Italian, Frenche Germaine, &c. in their Poelyes, the fettering together the feries of the verses, with the bones of like cadence or definence of ryme, which if it be wfually abrupt, and not dependent in sence vpon so neere affinitie of words . I know not what a loathfome kinde of harshnes& discordance it breadeth to any judiciall care: which if any more condent aduerfary shall gainfay, I wish no better trial then the tralatio of one of Perfins his Satyrs into English, the difficultie & disonace wherof, shalmake good my affertion, befides the plaine experience thereof in the Satyres of Ariosto, (faue which) and one base french Satyre, I could neuer attaine the view of any for my direction, ( & that also might for needeserue for an excuse at least,) whose chaine-verse to which he fettereth himselfe, as it may well afford a pleafing harmony to the care, So can't yelde nothing but a flashy and look conceyt to the judgement. Whereas the Roman numbers tying but one foote to another, offereth a greater freedom of varietie, with much more delight to the reader . Let my second ground be, the wellknowne daintines of the time, fuch, that men rather choose carelefly to leafe the fwere of the kernell , then to vige their teeth with breaking of the shell whereinit is wrap Ped, and therefore fith that which is vnscene is almost vn. done, and that is almost vnseene which is vnconceived, either I would say nothing to be vntalkt of, or speake with
my mouth open that I may be vnderstoode. Thirdly the
end of this paines was a Satyre, but the end of my Satyre a
further good, which whether I attaine or no I know not, bus
let me be plaine with hope of profite, rather then purposely
obscure only for a bare names sake.

Not withstanding in the expectation of this quarell, I thinke my first Satyre deth somewhat resemble the source & crabbed face of Inuenals, which I indeaucuring in that did determinately omit in the rest, for these forenamed causes, that so I might have somewhat to stope the mouth of every accuser. The rest, oeth mans censure: which let be as sa-uourable, as so thanklesse a worke can deserve, or desire.

FINIS,

After this impression was finished, vpou the Authors known ledge, I had the viewe of a more perfect Copy, wherein were these additions and corrections, which I thought good to place here, desiring the reader to refer them to their places.

Between the 10. and 11. line of the 16.page.

While yethe rouseth at some vncouth signe. Nor neuer red his Tenures second line.

SAT. 7. lib 4.

Who saies these Romish Pageants, To be the &c.

And so to the ende

Corrections.

Twilight forch, fortwilight Torch pag. 9. lin. 2. The sume & ayre, for to sunne & ayre.p. 14. 1. sayle, for sale. p. 19. 1. 2. Merchant, for Chapman. p. 21. 1. 5. Heritate, for Heritage.p. 23 1.9. A Esopus, for Asopus. p. 26. 1. 12. ought as that, for ought at that p. 30. 1. 16. This for their p. 30. 1. 7. Syned's for Cyned's. p. 40. 1.1 gloking for gloZing. p. 42. 1. 9. wayne, for wane. p. 54. 1. 18. braue Lordship, for straue Lordship. p. 55. 1. 8, the for thy. p. 74. 1. 6. Senator for Sanator. p. 82. 1. 15. smites for snites, p. 85, 1. 2. perch, for parch. p. 88. 1. 8. crub, for curb. p. 89. 1. 14. Rauge, for raunge. ibid.

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2. 2. 2. 2. 3. at p. 8. 74 2. for

